ROBERT BURNS

AND

DUMFRIES

1796 1896

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To Burns' lovers

the world o'er

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THE FUNERAL OF ROBERT BURNS.

The Life and Works of Robert Burns have employed hundreds of pens; and the vexed questions of character, conduct, and the treatment meted out to him in Dumfries and elsewhere have been argued from all points of view for full a hundred years, and, apparently, will provide material for evermore. But the interest in the National Poet did not cease with his death. The lives and records of his widow, his family, and his friends; the raising of the monuments to his memory, and the public functions connected therewith; the founding of associations or clubs to do him honour—all these are of importance and interest to those who live in his country, and to his admirers throughout the globe. The near approach of the First Centenary of his death, about to be celebrated in Dumfries, seems to make it seasonable and appropriate to present in a permanent and handy form these records, collected from the files of the old newspapers and other sources.

Taking up the oft-told tale of that morning of Thursday, the 21st July, 1796, Allan Cunningham, then an apprentice stone mason in the town, gives a vivid picture of the profound grief of the people:—"Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety not of the rich and learned alone, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, and of his untimely approaching fate,

with a warmth that will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. It is the practice of the young men to meet in the street during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with some of them on some important points were forgotten and forgiven. They thought only of his genius, of the delight his compositions had diffused; and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more."

The *Dumfries Journal* of the following Tuesday, 26th July, says:—

"Died here on the morning of the 21st inst., and in the 38th year of his age, Robert Burns, the Scottish Bard.

"His manly form and penetrating eye strikingly indicated extraordinary mental vigour. For originality of wit, rapidity of conception, and fluency of nervous phraseology he was unrivalled. Animated by the fire of nature, he uttered sentiments which, by their pathos, melted the heart to tenderness, or expanded the mind by their sublimity. As a luminary emerging from behind a cloud he arose at once into notice; and his works and his name will never die while Divine Poesy shall agitate the chords of the human heart."

Preparations were at once made for a public funeral. The Royal Dumfries Volunteers, under Colonel de Peyster, resolved to turn out, and were joined by the military detachments stationed in the town, the Angus-shire Fencibles, under Major Fraser, and a company of the Cinque Port Cavalry, under Captain Findlay. On the Sunday evening the body was removed from the little house

in Mill Street to the old Council Chamber in the Midsteeple. Here, on the next morning, assembled the Military, the Volunteers, in the quaint uniform the Poet himself had donned—"white Kerseymere breeches and waistcoat, short blue coat faced with red, and round hat, surmounted by a bear skin, like the helmets of the Horse Guards"—the Town Council, and the leading men of the burgh. The most reliable account of the funeral is that by Mr William Grierson, of Baitford, afterwards Secretary of the Mausoleum Committee and of the Burns Club. In his diary he wrote :—

"Monday, 25th July.—This day at 12 o'clock went to the burial of Robert Burns, who died on the 21st, aged 38 years. In respect to the memory of such a genius as Mr Burns, his funeral was uncommonly splendid. The military here consisted of the Cinque Ports Cavalry and Angus-shire Fencibles, who, having handsomely tendered their services, lined the streets on both sides from the Court-house to the burial ground. (The corpse was carried from the place where Mr Burns died to the Court-house last night.) Order of procession :—The firing party, which consisted of twenty of the Royal Dumfries Volunteers (of which Mr Burns was a member), in full uniform, with crapes on the left arm, marched in front with their arms reversed, moving in a slow and solemn time to the 'Dead March' in Saul, which was played by the military band belonging to the Cinque Ports Cavalry. Next to the firing party was the band, then the bier or corpse supported by six of the Volunteers, who changed at intervals. The relations of the deceased and a number of the respectable inhabitants of both town and country followed next. Then the remainder of the Volunteers followed in rank, and the procession

closed with a guard of Angus-shire Fencibles. The great bells of the churches tolled at intervals during the time of the procession. When arrived at the churchyard gate, the funeral party formed two lines, and leaned their heads on the firelocks pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried and borne to the grave. The party then drew up alongside of it, and fired three volleys over the coffin when deposited in the earth. Thus closed a ceremony which on the whole presented a solemn, grand, and affecting spectacle, and accorded with the general sorrow and regret for the loss of a man whose like we can scarce see again."

The notice in the *Dumfries Journal* is very similar :—

"The military here, consisting of the Cinque Ports Cavalry and the Angus-shire Fencibles, having handsomely tendered their services, lined the streets on both sides to the burial ground. The Royal Dumfries Volunteers (of which he was a member) in uniform, with crapes on their left arms, supported the bier. A party of that corps, appointed to perform the military obsequies, moving in slow solemn time to 'The Dead March in Saul,' which was played by the military band, preceded in mournful array, with arms reversed. The principal part of the inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, with a number of the particular friends of the bard from remote parts, followed in procession—the great bells of the churches tolling at intervals. Arrived at the churchyard gate the funeral party, according to the rules of that exercise, formed two lines, and leaned their heads on their firelocks pointed to the ground. Through this space the corpse was carried, and borne forward to the grave. The party then drew up alongside of it, and fired three volleys over the coffin when deposited in the earth. The whole ceremony presented a solemn,

grand, and affecting spectacle; and accorded with the general sorrow and regret for the loss of a man whose like we scarce can see again."

Allan Cunningham, under the title of an Eye Witness, years afterwards wrote the following most interesting but unreliable statement. He was only twelve years old at the time:—

"I went to see him laid out for the grave. Several elderly people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed and around his body herbs and flowers were thickly strewn. He was wasted somewhat by long illness, but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey. The room where he lay was plain and neat. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes. We went, and others succeeded us—man following man patiently and orderly—not a question was asked, not a whisper was heard. The multitude who accompanied Burns to his grave went step by step with the chief mourners. They might amount to twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and although all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever there was no rude impatience shewn. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers and stepping down the street of Dumfries with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments with a truth and tenderness which none perhaps equalled. I found myself at the brink of the Poet's grave. There was a pause among the mourners as if loath to

part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin lid I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The Volunteers fired three straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes space, and then melted silently away."

EPITAPH.

Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay,
Which once a vital spark from Heaven inspired;
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day,
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.
While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres,
While mountain streams descend to swell the main,
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years,
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain.

The Poet was originally buried in the north-east corner of S. Michael's Churchyard, called by Mr M'Dowall, in his Memorials, "The Poet's Corner." A proposal was made to erect a suitable monument at once, but as funds had to be raised for his family only a small sum was contributed, and the widow at her own expense put over the grave a plain slab, bearing the simple inscription:—

"In Memory of Robert Burns, who Died the 21st July, 1796, in the 37th year of his age."

Here his remains lay until the 19th of September, 1815, when they were removed to the vault in the Mausoleum. His grave, thus rendered vacant, was given by the widow to her good friend, Mrs Perochan, eldest daughter of the Poet's first patron, Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop, and in it she was buried in October, 1825.

THE WIDOW OF BURNS.

Within an hour of the funeral of her husband, Mrs Burns gave birth to a posthumous son, christened Maxwell, who died on 25th April, 1799, and was buried in his father's grave. Soon after the birth of this child, the widow had a remarkable dream, which made an impression on her which lasted through life; it was that the poet, or his spirit, drew the curtains of her bed, and after gazing long and wistfully said—"that he had been permitted to take a last look of his widow and the child he had never before seen." Of the rest of her family, Mrs Burns, years afterwards, gave the following pathetic account to Mr M'Diarmid:

"At the time of his death Robert was only ten, Francis seven, William five, and James two. When at home in the evening he heard them their lessons, and took pleasure in explaining everything that they had difficulty in comprehending. Was most strict in impressing on their minds the value and beauty and necessity of truth. He would have forgiven them any slight fault, but to have told a lie was in his eyes almost an inexpiable offence. The children felt their father's death keenly; and William was dreadfully affected every time he saw a funeral. So obvious was this that I knew by his white face that he had seen some mournful procession when he came in at meal-time."

Burns left a will, under which he appointed as executors Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, John Syme, and Dr Maxwell, who attended him throughout his illness. He left no debts, or none

worth naming, but for the support of his family he could leave nothing except the Widow's Annuity of the Excise Relief Fund, amounting to a poor £12 a year. At once a subscription was opened, the Executors were appointed Trustees, together with Messrs Cunningham and M'Murdo, and seven hundred pounds were collected. Substantial sums came from London, from Liverpool, and from India. In addition, Mr Syme persuaded Dr Currie, of Liverpool, a native of Dumfriesshire and a proprietor in Moffat, to undertake to bring out a subscription edition of the poet's works, and to write a biography. He did more, for he sailed from Dumfries to Liverpool with the poet's brother, Gilbert Burns, and stayed three weeks in Dr Currie's house, assisting to arrange the writings, give details for the life, and explain the dates, persons, and circumstances mentioned in the poems. From this edition a large sum was realised, Mr M'Diarmid, who was qualified to judge, putting it at nearly £2000, and he states that the widow's income, until her sons were able to help her, would equal, but not exceed, £60 a year.

Although overshadowed by the greatness of Burns, Jean Armour must have been a remarkable as well as a most estimable woman. Her veneration for her husband, and the remarkable magnanimity of her dealings with his errors, belong to the story of his life, but from the day the grave closed over him no finer story of a widowhood could be written. Retiring, patient, industrious; bringing up her children in a manner worthy of their father, reverencing and cherishing his memory, keeping his room, his books, his furniture exactly as they had been in his lifetime—in every way Jean Armour showed a beautiful, a noble disposition, which secured for her the unfailing respect

and goodwill of every person in Dumfries. Throughout her long widowhood she continued to reside in the same house, in what is now Burns Street; and her sons, of whom Francis, a promising boy of fourteen, died on 9th July, 1803, were educated at the Academy. By the interest of friends, the eldest, Robert, received an appointment in the Stamp Office, at Somerset House, London, in 1800, while the younger ones, William Nicol (in 1806) and James Glencairn (in 1812) obtained cadetships in the Honourable East India Company's service. In 1817, after a vain attempt to obtain a grant from Government, the Hon. W. Maule, afterwards Lord Panmure, settled an annuity of £50 a year on Mrs Burns. This she only needed for eighteen months, as her son James in 1818 obtained substantial promotion in the Indian Commissariat, and settled £150 on his mother, "a change of fortune which enabled her to add many comforts to her decent domicile, watch over the education of a favourite grandchild, and exercise, on a broader scale, the Christian duty of charity, which she did the more efficiently by acting in most cases as her own almoner." This allowance was continued for many years, and when circumstances prevented James from contributing further, his brother William "very cheerfully took his brother's place, and discharged with equal promptitude, generosity, and affection, duties dear to the best and kindliest feelings of our nature."

In 1820, after the death of the aged mother, and the publication of Messrs Cadell & Davis' London edition of the poems, in the editing of which he assisted, Gilbert Burns repaid to the widow £200, the loan made him in 1788 by Robert, out of the profit he received from Creech, the Edinburgh bookseller. In connection with this Mr M'Diarmid remarks that both the Poet and his

widow considered that the care of the mother and one or two sisters, besides the upbringing of his own family, was a sufficient reason for the non-payment of the loan. Owing to his brother's fame, and the account of his own high personal character given in Currie's biography, Gilbert received an appointment as factor in East Lothian, on the estates of the Blantyre family, which enabled him to live in comfort and bring up a large family. He died on the 8th April, 1827, and Annie, the last surviving sister, on the 3rd March, 1832.

Mr W. R. M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, an old friend of Mrs Burns, wrote in his memoir :—

"It is generally known that Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop was the first efficient patroness of Robert Burns. Of the accuracy of this fact his writings furnish the most undoubted proofs; and it would appear that her children inherited her feelings, and spread the the same mantle of friendship over the Poet's family. For a greater number of years than our memory can trace, Mrs Burns dined every Sunday, after attending divine service in St. Michael's Church, with the late Mrs Perochan, the eldest daughter of Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop; and was noticed and patronised in the most flattering manner by various living members of the same ancient family, who might feel offended did we dare to record all we happen to know of their exertions in a cause which Scotsmen, wherever situated, are prone to identify with the land of their birth.

"The term of Mrs Burns' widowhood extended to thirty-eight years, in itself rather an unusual circumstance—and, in July, 1796, when the bereavement occurred, she was but little beyond

the age at which the majority of females marry. But she had too much respect for the memory of her husband, and regard for his children, to think of changing her name, although she might have done so more than once, with advantage; and was even careful to secure on lease, and repair and embellish, as soon as she could afford it, the decent though modest mansion in which he died. And here, for more than thirty years, she was visited by thousands on thousands of strangers, from the Peer down to itinerant sonneteers—a class of persons to whom she never refused an audience, or dismissed unrewarded. Occasionally, during the summer months, she was a good deal annoyed; but she bore all in patience, and although naturally fond of quiet, seemed to consider her house as open to visitors, and its mistress, in some degree, the property of the public. But the attentions of strangers neither turned her head, nor were ever alluded to in the spirit of boasting; and had it not been for a female friend who accompanied her on one occasion to the King's Arms Inn, to meet, by invitation, the Marchioness of Hastings, no one would have known that that excellent lady directed the present Marquis, who was then a boy, to present Mrs Burns with a glass of wine, and at the same time remarked that 'he should consider himself very highly honoured, and cherish the recollection of having met the poet's widow as long as he lived.' Her's, in short, was one of those well-balanced minds that cling instinctively to propriety and a medium in all things; and such as knew the deceased, earliest and latest, were unconscious of any change in her demeanour and habits, excepting, perhaps, greater attention to dress, and more refinement of manner, insensibly acquired by frequent intercourse with families of the first respectability. In her tastes, she was

frugal, simple, and pure; and delighted in music, pictures, and flowers. In spring and summer, it was impossible to pass her windows without being struck with the beauty of the floral treasures they contained; and if extravagant in any thing, it was in the article of roots and plants of the finest sorts. Fond of the society of young people, she mingled as long as able in their innocent pleasures, and cheerfully filled for them the cup 'which cheers but not inebriates.' Although neither a sentimentalist nor a 'blue stocking,' she was a clever woman, possessed great shrewdness, discriminated character admirably, and frequently made very pithy remarks; and were this a proper place for such a detail, proofs of what is stated might easily be adduced.

"When young she must have been a handsome, comely woman, if not indeed a beauty, when the poet saw her for the first time on a bleach-green at Mauchline, engaged, like Peggy and Jenny, at Habbie's Howe. Her limbs were cast in the finest mould; and up to middle life her jet black eyes were clear and sparkling, her carriage easy, and her step light. The writer of the present sketch never saw Mrs Burns dance, nor heard her sing; but he has learnt from others that she moved with great grace on the floor, and chaunted her 'woodnotes wild' in a style but rarely equalled by unprofessional singers. Her voice was a brilliant treble, and in singing 'Coollen,' 'I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,' and other songs, she rose without effort as high as B natural. In ballad poetry her taste was good, and range of reading rather extensive. Her memory, too, was strong, and she could quote when she chose at considerable length, and with great aptitude. Of these powers the bard was so well aware that he read to her almost every piece he composed, and was not ashamed

to own that he had profited by her judgment. In fact, none save relations, neighbours, and friends, could form a proper estimate of the character of Mrs Burns. In the presence of strangers she was shy and silent, and required to be drawn out, or, as some would say, shewn off to advantage, by persons who possessed her confidence, and knew her intimately."

The end came in 1834:—

"At a late hour of the night of Wednesday, the 26th March, or rather as it was just about to close, the world and its concerns closed for ever on Mrs Jean Armour—the venerable relict of the poet Burns. On the Saturday preceding she was seized with paralysis for the fourth time during the last few years; and although perfectly conscious of her situation, and the presence of friends, became deprived, before she could be removed to bed, of the faculty of speech, and, a day or two thereafter, of the sense of hearing. Still she lay wonderfully calm and composed, and, in the opinion of her medical attendant, suffered from weakness rather than from pain. Frequently she gazed with the greatest earnestness on her granddaughter, Sarah; and it was easy to read what was passing within, from the tears that filled her aged eyes and trickled down her cheeks. To another individual she directed looks so eager and full of meaning as to impress him with the idea that she had some dying request to make, and deeply regretted that it was too late; for even if her salvation had depended on the exertion she was unfortunately incapacitated from uttering a syllable, guiding a pen, or even making an intelligible sign. The mind, in her case, survived the body; and this, perhaps, was the only painful circumstance attending her death-bed—considering how admirable her conduct had always been, her

general health so sound, her span protracted beyond the common lot, her character for prudence and piety so well established, and her situation in life in every way so comfortable. On the night of Tuesday, or morning of Wednesday, a fifth shock, unperceived by the attendants, deprived Mrs Burns of mental consciousness; and from that time till the hour of her death her situation was exactly that of a breathing corpse. And thus passed away all that remained of 'bonny Jean,'—the relict of a man whose fame is as wide as the world itself, and the venerated heroine of many a lay which bid fair to live in the memories of the people of Scotland, and of thousands far removed from its shores, as long as the language in which they are written is spoken or understood.

"The remains of Mrs Burns were interred in the family vault on Tuesday, the 1st April, with all the solemnity the occasion demanded, in presence of an immense crowd of spectators. Independently of the Bard's Mausoleum, St. Michael's Churchyard is, perhaps, the most remarkable cemetery in Britain; amidst innumerable tombs thousands on thousands sleep below; and on the day alluded to public interest or curiosity waxed so intensely that it became, if such an expression may be used, instinct with life as well as death. By many, a strong wish was expressed that the funeral should be made broadly public; others again objected to everything like parade, as unsuited to the quiet, retiring character of the deceased; and amidst counsels and wishes so opposite and conflicting, the relatives and executors had a duty to discharge which was felt to be exceedingly onerous and perplexing. The Magistrates and Commissioners of Police politely offered to mark their respect for Mrs Burns' memory by attending her funeral in their public capacity—an offer so honourable that

it was at once acknowledged and acceded to by the trustees. But something more was wanted, in the opinion of at least a portion of the public; and as the street in which the deceased resided is short, narrow, and situated so near to the churchyard, as to injure the appearance of any procession, it was anxiously asked that the coffin should be conveyed in a hearse to the Council Chamber stairs, and from thence carried shoulder high along the line of the principal street. On reflection, however, it was deemed better that the living should go to the dead, than the dead to the living. The Magistrates agreed in the propriety of this, and issued cards to the whole of the Council appointing a meeting at half-past eleven on the morning of Tuesday, at which hour they assembled, and shortly after moved in a body to Burns Street, amidst a throng of people (many of whom had voluntarily arrayed themselves in sables) such as has rarely been witnessed on the streets of Dumfries. Between two and three hundred funeral letters were issued in compliance with the usual custom; and in this way, while the private feelings of friends were conciliated, the public were gratified in as far as was deemed consistent with the rules of decorum.

"As many persons were received into the house as it could possibly contain, including various clergymen, citizen friends, and country gentlemen, among the latter of whom we observed Sir Thomas Wallace, a kind personal friend of the deceased; Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick; Mr Dunlop, Southwick; Mr Jas. M'Alpine Leny of Dalswinton; Mr John Dunlop, Rosefield; Mr Macadam of Castledykes; Major Adair; Mr Hannah of Hannahfield; Major Davies; Mr John Staig; the Provost and Magistrates, &c., &c. Eloquent prayers were put up on the occasion by the Reverend

Messrs Wightman, Fyffe, Dunlop, and Wallace; and after the usual forms had been observed, the coffin was placed on spokes, and borne by many to its final resting place. Throwing a stone to a chieftain's cairn was deemed an honour by our Celtic ancestors, and a similar feeling obviously prevailed in regard to the funeral obsequies of the poet's widow. Before one person had well touched a spoke he was succeeded by another, eager to share in the same mournful duty; and although the distance was extremely short, several hundred hands bore the body along by shifting as frequently as St. Michael's bell tolled. Though the crowd was very dense, forests of heads were thrown into lines as the procession moved forward; every window was filled with spectators; numerous visitors were observed from the country; and, altogether, the scene reminded many of the memorable day of the Poet's funeral. So great was the anxiety to enter the Mausoleum that the pressure, in the first instance, occasioned a slight degree of confusion; but in a minute or two order was restored, and the body lowered slowly and solemnly into the family vault. The chief mourners then descended, took the stations assigned them, and after everything had been adjusted, placed the coffin in a grave dug to the depth of four feet. Five relatives attended the interment, viz., Mr Robert Burns, eldest son of the poet; Mr Robert Armour, the widow's brother; and the husbands of three nieces, the Messrs Irving and Mr M'Kinnel. But there were other chief mourners, and among those we observed Mr Dunlop, Southwick, Provost Murray, Dr John Symons, Mr Bogie, and Mr M'Diarmid. The grave was covered in a brief space; the chief mourners then withdrew; and after everything foreign had been removed from the vault, the executors gave the

necessary directions for restoring the large stone which guards the entrance to the tomb of our great national poet. As this was a task of considerable labour, hours elapsed before it could be completed, and, in the interim, thousands had an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by taking a parting look at the resting place of genius."

At this time the skull of the poet was exhumed, examined, and a cast taken, a wanton act of desecration, which was repeated in 1857, when "to secure its better preservation the vacant space of the enclosing casket was filled with pitch, after which the precious 'dome of thought' was restored to its position, to be no more disturbed, we trust, till the day of doom," a wish to which all will now add—Amen. Pity that the Poet did not, like his great predecessor, Shakespeare, invoke a curse on those who should disturb his bones.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

As has been mentioned, an attempt was made, immediately after the Poet's death, to raise funds to put up a monument or memorial, but money was more needed then for the relief of his widow and orphans, and so the scheme was allowed to lapse. The sum contributed for this object, about £15, was put in bank, and was duly handed over in 1814, when steps were again taken by a number of friends and admirers. A meeting was held on 16th December, 1813, John Syme in the chair, and a Committee formed. At an adjourned meeting, on 6th January, 1814, there were passed the following

Resolutions of a Meeting relative to the Erection of a Mausoleum over the Grave of Robert Burns :—

"At a meeting of friends and admirers of the late Scottish Bard, Robert Burns, assembled in the George Inn, for the purpose of taking into consideration the measure of opening a public subscription for erecting a Mausoleum over his remains in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, General Dunlop, M.P., was called to the chair. The meeting, considering that it has long been a subject of regret, and indeed a reflection against their country, that no public tribute of respect has yet been paid to the memory of the man who employed his unrivalled powers in giving grace and dignity to the lowland language of Scotland, and in illustrating the simplicity of the manners and character of the Scottish peasantry, resolve :—

First.—That a Mausoleum ought to be reared over the grave of BURNS, and that the expenses be defrayed from a fund to be raised by subscription.

Second.—That the following noblemen and gentlemen shall be appointed a committee to promote the subscription, and to carry the object into effect, viz. :—

The Most Noble the Marquis of Queensberry.
The Right Hon. Earl of Selkirk.
General Dunlop, M.P.
Wm. Robt. Keith Douglas, Esq., M.P.
C. S. Stuart Menteath, Esq. of Closeburn.
Edward Boyd, Esq. of Mertonhall.
David Staig, Esq.
Wm. Miller, Esq.
W. Grierson, Esq., Cummertrees.
John Syme, Esq., of Ryedale.
Andrew Gray, Esq., of Craigs.
Dr Wm. Maxwell of Netherwood.
Major Bryce M'Murdo.
Wm. Taylor, Esq., of Jamaica.
John Commelin, Esq., of Troqueer Holm.
Joseph Gass, Esq., Provost of Dumfries.
The Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell.
The Rev. Dr Duncan, Dumfries.
The Rev. John Wightman, of Kirkmahoe.
Gabriel Richardson, Esq., of Rosebank.
Wm. M'Lellan, Esq., of High Kelton.
Adam Rankine, Esq; and
Wm. Grierson, Esq., of Baitford.

Any seven of whom to be a quorum; and appoint Mr Staig, Mr Duncan, Mr Grierson, Mr Syme, Dr Maxwell, Mr Richardson, Mr Rankine, and Mr Commelin to be a special committee, any five of them to be a quorum, open to all the members of the general committee—Dr Duncan to be convener of the committees.

Third.—That the committees do correspond with the friends and admirers of BURNS in the United Empire, the East and West Indies, and America, in order to procure subscriptions.

Fourth.—That so soon as the amount of the subscriptions can be nearly ascertained, public notice shall be given in the newspapers; and as several eminent artists have already expressed their wish to offer plans for the proposed Mausoleum, they should then be requested to exercise their ingenuity, and forward their designs to the committee; and also that persons of taste and literature should be invited to furnish monumental inscriptions.

Fifth.—That when a variety of plans have been procured, and it is judged proper to proceed with the work, a meeting of the subscribers shall be called, in order to determine on the plan to be adopted.

Sixth.—That when the plan is adopted, the committee shall advertise for tradesmen to give in estimates.

Seventh.—That the Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, and Mr Wm. Grierson, Dumfries, be appointed secretaries and treasurers.

Eighth.—Accounts to be advertised.

Ninth.—That the above resolutions be published in the newspapers; that a sufficient number of copies be printed and

transmitted by the secretaries to the friends and admirers of BURNS throughout the United Empire and abroad; that they be requested to co-operate in carrying into effect the object of this association.

JAMES DUNLOP, Chairman.

Subscription papers are lodged with the Treasurers, and at the British Linen Offices, Dumfries.

Dumfries, 6th January, 1814.

The Committee went to work energetically, and were successful in arousing the sympathies of Scotchmen of all classes, at home and abroad. Sir Walter Scott was especially interested, subscribed ten guineas, and obtained many subscriptions from others. A suggestion having been made to him in May, 1814, that he should get Mr Siddons, lessee of the Edinburgh Theatre, to give a benefit for the fund, he replied that "there were so many demands on the manager, that unless I were to find a very favourable moment I should not much like to suggest any thought that may enlarge this tax. My own idea was to speak to John Kemble when there, who would have been certain to make a house, but I was obliged to leave town while he was acting." He did not allow the matter to drop, and reported on 3rd December that Mr Siddons would give the benefit, and subscribe two guineas in addition. The house held £200, and the expenses would be £40, so that he hoped to gather £100. On 14th December he wrote —"Our benefit took place last night. We had by no means a crowded, but a very genteel, audience. The boxes particularly were filled with fashionable people, but neither the pit nor gallery so full as I should have expected they might have been from the

name of the Bard. Mrs Scott took two boxes, and used all the influence she had with her friends, of whom several took boxes and filled them well. So if the returns do not quite equal our zeal and my expectations it is not our fault." The amount realized was £33 18s.*

In addition, on Saturday, 26th November, 1814, the celebrated Mrs Jordan, the actress, morganatic wife of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., gave a special performance in the Dumfries Theatre, which was lent by Mr M'Cready, the manager. The play was "The Way to Keep Him," and an appropriate address was recited by Miss Macauley. A handsome transparency of a monumental pedestal and urn, "Sacred to the Memory of Robert Burns," was displayed on the stage. "Ye Banks and Braes" was sung by Mrs Garrick, and "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut" by Mr Williams. The whole concluded with the farce of "Tit for Tat," and the takings realised nearly £50. The "neat produce," as afterwards advertised, was £39 14s.

Chief among the other subscribers were:—

Duke of Buccleuch	£10	0	0
Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.	10	0	0
Major-General Dunlop	10	0	0
Marquis of Queensberry	5	5	0
Lancashire Subscription	30	15	0
"Formerly subscribed, including 14 years' interest"...	18	1	0

* Many interesting letters and papers relative to the Mausoleum and Burns Club were found among the effects of Dr Grierson of Thornhill, son of Mr Wm. Grierson, Secretary to the Mausoleum Committee, and founder of the Burns Club. A very interesting paper, giving much of the information quoted here, was prepared by Mr J. R. Wilson, Sanquhar, and appears in the Transactions of the Dumfries Antiquarian Society for 1891.

Subscriptions procured by J. Kennedy, merchant, Lisbon, a native of Kirkcudbright	23	0	0
Liverpool Subscription	135	0	0
Montreal Subscription	81	0	0
Town Council	10	10	0
Adam Murray, Manchester...	10	0	0
Masonic Society of S. Andrew, Creebridge	5	5	0
Jas. Crichton, Friars' Carse	5	5	0
John Mayne, *Star* Office, London	5	5	0
Trinidad Subscription	96	0	0
P. Turnerelli	5	5	0
Lodge Canongate, Kilwinning (of which Burns was the Poet Laureate)	21	0	0
Glasgow Galloway and Dumfries Society	25	0	0

While on 25th August, 1815, Prince Regent expressed his pleasure that the unrivalled genius and memory of Scotia's favourite bard was to be perpetuated by a work of art, in the highest degree beautiful, and suitable to the sacred purpose for which it was intended, and subscribed 50 guineas.

The next step was the advertisement, which appeared in the Dumfries papers of 6th February, 1815, for designs for the Mausoleum, to be sent in by 13th of April. "With regard to the design, the Committee cannot give any very specific directions, as this must be left to the taste of the artists. Ground plan may be square, octagonal, or circular, not more than 14 feet in diameter. Something approaching to the form of a temple, with columns supporting a dome or cupola, might, perhaps, be suitable for this part of the design. The second object is an emblematical figure or subject of marble, and including, probably, a bust or medallion of Burns, supported on a pedestal, with an inscription panel, to be placed in the interior of the Mausoleum." Exterior

structure to cost £300 or £400, and the emblematical design a similar sum. Premiums of £10 and £5 were offered for competition.

A Meeting of Subscribers was called for 13th April to consider the plans. A further advertisement says that at the meeting a very great variety of elegant plans and models were exhibited, to the number of 50. It was gratifying to find that the artists of Scotland and England had evinced such zeal to do honour to the memory of Scotia's favourite bard, but as the sums subscribed were only sufficient for the Mausoleum, an appeal was made for more funds. The design of Mr Thomas Frederick Hunt, Architect, St. James' Palace, London, was adopted, and the design of Mr Henry of Edinburgh won second premium. Mr Hunt subsequently decided to give his services entirely free of charge. The estimate of Mr John Milligan, Dumfries, for the building, amounting to £331 8s 6d, was accepted, and Mr James Thomson appointed superintendent of works.

On 30th May following the committee, "having walked down to the churchyard and inspected the burial place of Burns, are of opinion that it is too much encumbered with monuments and tombstones surrounding it, and a risk that it may be still more obscured by other erections, have therefore resolved, with the consent of Mrs Burns, to remove the whole remains of the family to another and more eligible situation in the new burial ground, and the Mausoleum erected over the remains is agreed on—the remains to be removed in as delicate and proper a manner as possible."

The King's Birthday, 5th June, 1815, was fixed for laying the foundation stone, with full Masonic Honours. On the day

the various bodies assembled and marched in the following order:—

A Band of Music.
The Magistrates.
Committee of Management.
The Subscribers.
The Grand Committee of Incorporated Trades, with their Colours.
The Freemasons of the Town and District, in Grand Masonic Order, under the direction of the P.G.M., by whom the Foundation Stone was to be laid.

The Magistrates, Subscribers, and Trades met in the Court-House at 12 o'clock, Freemasons in the New Church. The whole Procession moved off exactly at one o'clock, there being present upwards of 400 Freemasons, representing the following Lodges:—

Lockerbie Whytewoollen.
S. John, Thornhill.
Annan Caledonian.
S. Peter, Mouswald.
S. Ruth, Ruthwell.
S. John, Newabbey.
Union Lodge, Dumfries.
Operative Lodge, Dumfries.
Nithsdale S. Paul.
Eskdale Kilwinning, Langholm.
Lochmaben S. Magdalen.
Annan S. Andrew.
Dumfries S. Michael.
Dumfries Thistle.
Dumfries Kilwinning.
Provincial Grand Master and Office-Bearers.
Followed by Deputations from Kirkcudbright, and
The Royal Arch Chapter of Annan.

"The whole procession, under the escort of the Dumfries Yeomanry Cavalry, preceded by a band of music, proceeded in grand order through the streets to S. Michael's Churchyard, accompanied by an immense crowd, whilst the windows on every side were filled with spectators of all ages, and adorned with female beauty."

The foundation stone was laid with due Masonic ceremonial by William Miller, son of Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, Burns' friend, and landlord at Ellisland, who died in 1815, and in addition to the usual deposit of coins and papers there was laid in the stone another bottle containing the following grandiloquent inscription:—

In Aeternum Honorem
ROBERTI BURNS,
Poetarum Caledoniae sui aevi longe principis,
Cujus carmina eximia, patrio sermone scripta,
Animi magis ardentis, ingenii que vi,
Quam arte vel cultu conspicua,
Facetiis, jucunditate, lepore, affluentiâ,
Omnibus litterarum cultoribus satis nota;
Cives sui, necnon plerique omnes
Musarum amantissimi memoriamque viri
Arte poeticâ tam praeclari, foventes
HOC MAUSOLEUM,
Super reliquias poetae mortales,
extruendum curavere.
Primum hujus aedificii lapidem
Guliellmus Miller, Armiger,
Reipublicae architectonicae apud Scotos,

In regione australi, Curio Maximus provincialis,
Georgio Tertio regnante,
Georgio, Walliarum Principe,
Summam imperii pro patre tenente,
Josepho Gass, armigero, Dumfrisiae Praefecto,
Thoma F. Hunt, Londinensi, Architecto,
Posuit,
Nonis Juniis, Anno Lucis VMDCCCXV.
Salutis Humanae MDCCCXV.

Of which the paper obligingly gives the following

TRANSLATION.

In perpetual honour of

ROBERT BURNS,

Incomparably the first Scottish Poet of his age,
whose exquisite verses, in the dialect of his country,
distinguished for the strength and fire of native genius,
more than for the acquired accomplishments
of polish and condition,
are admired by all men of letters
for their humour, pleasantry, elegance, and variety;
his townsmen and others, who love polite literature,
and cherish the memory of so eminent a genius,
caused this Mausoleum to be erected
over the mortal remains of

THE BARD.

Of this edifice,
planned by Thomas F. Hunt, Esq., of London, architect,
the first stone was laid by

William Miller, Esq.,
Provincial Grand Master of the Southern District
of Free Masons in Scotland,
In the reign of King George III.,
During the regency of George, Prince of Wales,
Joseph Gass, Esq., being Provost of Dumfries,
On the 5th day of June,
In the year of light 5815,
Of our Lord, 1815.

In the afternoon a large company sat down to dinner in the King's Arms, when the inevitable poem for the occasion was recited by Mr W. J. Walter, and received with the usual enthusiastic applause, of which, should anyone now desire to see a copy, they may find it in "Poet's Corner" of the *Dumfries Courier* of June 6th, 1815. The Incorporated Trades gave an entertainment in the evening, and presented Mr Hunt with their freedom. The Freemasons met at 8 P.M. in the George ball-room On the following day the Magistrates met in the Town Hall and presented the freedom of the Burgh to Mr Hunt, the architect; Mr P. Turnerelli, whose design for the sculpture had been accepted; and also to Mr W. J. Walter and Captain Hehl.

In 1817 the Mausoleum Committee, seeing that "in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and in many respectable towns in Scotland and England," anniversary dinners were held, decided to arrange for a public dinner on Saturday, 25th January, in the King's Arms, tickets 7s 6d each. The chair was taken by John Commelin, and John Syme, "the companion and friend of Burns," officiated as croupier. At this, the first of the long series of toasts proposed in Dumfries to the Immortal Memory, the Chairman remarked :—

"Even politicians who agree in scarcely aught else unite in admiration of Burns; for you will observe that we have munificent donations to the Mausoleum both from the Prince Regent and Sir Francis Burdett. The sums contributed to that long neglected, but now nearly completed work, and the distant sources from which they have been derived, attest, at once, the high value attached to his writings, and the extended sphere of their circulation. Wherever there is a Scotsman there are the volumes of Burns. His works are admired, and his songs are chanted on the banks of the Ganges and the Missisippi, at the Cape of Good Hope, and on the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay. There are subscriptions to his monument from every quarter of the world."

Other toasts were the Widow and Family, the Venerable Mother of the Poet, "now in her 86th year," who died in January, 1820, aged 88, and his brother Gilbert—"a brother worthy of so high a lineage."

After many and great difficulties—law suits with the contractor and disputes with the sculptor—September of the same year marked the completion of the Mausoleum—"that sepulchral palace which now rears its proud dome over his remains"—by the setting up of Turnerelli's sculpture, "The Muse of Poetry finding Burns at the Plough." Opinions varied much then, as now, as to the merit of the work. "The figure of the Poet is manly, and the expression of the countenance is good. To those who have seen Burns, perhaps they will not be gratified in finding a very correct likeness, nor was it to be expected. The observations of his brother Gilbert, who came last week to see the monument, are very candid, and much

to the point. On minutely viewing the head, he said that in some parts there was a resemblance of his brother, and, upon the whole, he thought that the artist had done more than he expected, for none of the paintings or prints which were published could be said to be a likeness, and he was satisfied that a better likeness could not have been anticipated from the examples he had to copy from, and never having seen the original." The committee, whose untiring exertions had brought the work to a successful end, celebrated the event by a dinner in Mr Dove's Inn, at which they were joined by a few of the other admirers of the Poet.

Of these labours it is only right to speak respectfully. The Mausoleum is not beautiful, nor in accordance with the character of Burns and his works. But it would be very difficult to describe a monument which would be appropriate to the Poet of nature and freedom; and, having regard to the low state of architecture in the early part of the century, it might well have been worse; at any rate, we may be thankful at being spared the weeping urn, the bust of the Poet on a pedestal, and the long Latin inscription. Turnerelli's design, favourably spoken of above by Gilbert Burns, has a good deal of feeling and taste, and hardly merits the condemnation passed upon it. At all events, it is better than many of the other so-called works of art which have been erected in various parts of the country—the statues in Dumfries and Glasgow especially to wit. The building too, in its original state, shewing the warm red freestone of the district, must have presented a far better appearance than of recent years, disfigured as it has been by paint and darkened glass. It is pleasant to be able to record that, at this time, great improvements are being made. The unsightly and ill-grown trees have been removed from the

front, giving an aspect of height and size which was missed before; it is being repainted in a soft stone colour; plain glass in the doors will enable visitors to see the grave without calling in the aid of the sexton; while, if the Centenary turns out the success now hoped and expected, the Dumfries Burns Club will be able, with the help of stained glass and mellowed light, to make the shrine more in keeping with its illustrious memories. Another tablet, recording the earnest labours and devotion to the Poet of the Rev. Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, of John Syme, of Commelin, Grierson, and Rankine, might well and fitly be placed in or near the building.

In the following year the arrangements for the dinner fell through, but on 19th January, 1819, the *Weekly Journal* states:—"We are happy to understand that a number of respectable gentlemen, many of them particular friends of the Poet, have agreed to dine together in the Globe Inn on the 25th curt., being the birthday of that favourite Bard. In Dumfries, where so much has been done to honour his memory and genius, the celebration of his natal day must always prove a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

The dinner took place in the Globe Inn, "the Tavern to which the Bard gave preference." John Commelin again occupied the chair, and proposed the chief toast, and was again supported by John Syme, Mr Grierson being croupier. Mr M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, whose name is so closely bound up with all movements in the town during the first half of this century, being called on for a toast, gave in an impassioned and glowing speech, "Confusion to the foes of genius, and immortal honour to its friends." It is only too apparent that the controversy as to the merits and character of Burns was raging then as fiercely as at any later period, and the Holy Willies of the day "dispute his claims to posthumous honours, and regard every meeting of his friends in much the same light as a bacchanalian festival. Such persons, strange as it may appear, actually look with an evil eye upon the sacred edifice which Scottish gratitude has erected over

the ashes of our greatest poet, and will tell you that the money squandered upon that had been better employed in building cottages or endowing hospitals for the poor."

Steps were taken to arrange for an annual celebration, and a committee appointed, consisting of Messrs John Syme, John Commelin, Adam Rankine, John M'Diarmid, and Wm. Grierson. It was further agreed to purchase a china punch-bowl, with emblematical devices. "This idea is peculiarly appropriate, as it is well known that Burns always preferred the punch bowl at his convivial meetings."

The Committee appointed at the dinner of 1819 were successful in obtaining subscriptions to cover the cost of a large punch-bowl, which was ordered from the firm of Spode, of Staffordshire, china makers. The following is the advertised description:— The China Punch-Bowl (capable of holding three gallons) having the following elegant emblematic devices—On the outside, in the first compartment, is a portrait of the Bard; on the second, a representation of the marble monument; on the third, a fine view of the house where the Poet was born; on the fourth, a scene from the song of "Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut;" in the bottom of the bowl, a view of the Mausoleum; and round the edges, wreaths of thistle, hop, and vine, together with the names of the Subscribers:

P. Lawrie of Ernespie.
John Syme of Ryedale.
John M'Diarmid.
H. M'Minn.
A. Rankine.
John Commelin.
John Sinclair.
W. D. W. H. Sommerville.
Capt. John Newall.
Robert Jackson.
John Staig.
Major W. Miller.

W. Gordon, jun.
Collector M'Cracken.
Provost Thomson.
John Kerr.
John Barker.
Dr Spalding.
P. Barrieu.
James Keddie.
James Shortridge.
Thomas Harkness.
James Kerr.
James M'Robert.
Rev. W. Gillespie.
W. Grierson.
Francis Shortt.
Dr Laing.
Alex. Harley.
Geo. W. Boyd.
J. Inman.
Charles Finlayson.
W. Howatson.
John Bryden.
W. Rose.

The Punch Bowl, together with the Silver Ladle and a Set of Glasses, was produced to a Meeting of the Subscribers on 18th January, 1820, when it was resolved to form a Society, to be named the Dumfries Burns Club. The object of the Club was an annual dinner on the birthday of the Poet, and the first Office-Bearers elected were :—

John Commelin, *President.*
John Syme, *Vice-President.*
Wm. Grierson, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Stewards.

A. Rankine.
Dr Spalding.
J. M'Diarmid.
Wm. Gordon.
and
Major Miller.

On the 25th January, therefore, some forty gentlemen sat down in the King's Arms Inn, again under the presidency of Mr Commelin, who was again supported by the old friend of Burns,

John Syme, who watched by the bedside of the dying Bard, and who took advantage of this occasion to give a most important testimony, one to which the age, the high character, and the exceptional position of the speaker must lend great weight. This was immediately after the bitter strictures of Gilfillan, to whom direct reference was made. He said—"There is one observation which I feel compelled to make, and that relates to the character of the poet, which has too long suffered from the combined attacks of prejudice and malignity, attacks to which some high and cruel names in the literary world have most ungenerously lent their sanction. The imputation or stigma has too long extended that Burns, notwithstanding the vivid and affecting expressions of morality and religion which pervade his poems and letters, was a man of licentious and indecorous habits and feelings; in short, if not vicious, that he was profligate. Sir, this is not fair! . . . . . Let me, Sir, who have often and often enjoyed Burns's intimacy—who have seen him in every phase, and have heard his lowest note and the top of his compass—let me, Sir, declare that in all these situations there was never a sentiment or expression that fell from his lips which did not gild my imagination, while it warmed my heart, and which evidently flowed from a fine and benevolent fountain of morality and religion. For the former, refer to his conduct to his brother; on the other topic, instead of being what I may call liberal, I deemed him rather restrained by a sort of superstitious awe or dread. Indeed, his morality was unquestionable, for it was intensely benevolent; and where will you find true religion without benevolence? I must conclude by quoting a verse of Burns which has ever struck me

as the type of his mind, and it may be applicable to his justification—

> 'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
> Wild, send thee pleasure's devious way,
> Misled by fancy's meteor ray
> By passion driven;
> Yet still the light which led astray,
> Was light from Heaven.' "

After four and twenty years! A faithful heart, a good old man. An utterance well worthy of the opening scene of one of the premier Scottish associations for guarding and reverencing the Genius and Immortal Memory of Robert Burns—of the club that is for all time the custodier of his mortal remains. Many other toasts were duly honoured, including that of "Mr Walter Scott, the great literary phenomenon of the age." The Secretary claimed that they were the first in Scotland to form a regular Club to celebrate the anniversary of the birth. Greenock Burns Club, however, claims to date from 1802, Paisley from 1805, and Kilmarnock from 1808.

The year 1821, when Mr Commelin once more presided, was marked by a proposal to secure for the Club a replica of the original portrait of the Poet. Mr Gilfillan, a local artist, and a member of the Club, promised to supply this.

In October, a number of Scotsmen resident in Sheffield visited Dumfries to present to Mrs Burns a pair of silver candlesticks, with tray and snuffers, as a mark of their respect for the memory of her husband. The tray bore the following inscription:—

> He passed thro' life's tempestuous night,
> A brilliant, trembling, northern light;
> Thro' years to come he shines from far,
> A fixed, unsetting, Polar Star.

In 1822 the portrait of Burns, copied by Mr Gilfillan from the Raeburn in the possession of his widow, was presented to the Club, and has ever since graced their festivals. It is not a good production; but the artist was more successful in a companion picture, an original portrait of "Bonnie Jean," which he also presented. The dinner in this year was made notable by the presence of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, in reply to the toast of his health, dwelt not on Burns, but on his own difficulties encountered in acquiring such little literary reputation as he possessed. However, he sang two songs specially composed for the occasion. Among the honorary members elected at this meeting were Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Tom Moore, Allan Cunningham, and the three sons of the Poet— Robert, William, and James Glencairn Burns. A letter from James was read, that the account of the formation of the Club had made his very heart dance for joy, and that not even the concentrated rays of a thousand Indian suns could ever dry up the fountain of his Scottish feelings, which seemed to flow more freely as his absence increased. Finally, he requested that a quart stone bottle might be filled with punch out of the new bowl and despatched to him at Calcutta. A double strong brew was accordingly prepared, and the bottle filled and sealed up in the presence of the members.

Sir Walter Scott wrote: "23rd January, 1822.—I am honoured by the intimation that the Dumfries Burns Club have distinguished me by admitting me an honorary member, to which I am not otherwise entitled, excepting my sincere and heartfelt admiration of the great national poet, whose memory it is the purpose of the institution to celebrate. I beg you will make my respectful thanks acceptable to the members."

This is believed to be the first time that Burns received the title of "the National Poet"—his undisputed possession since that day.

On the 26th of November, 1822, there occurred a death which vividly brought back many recollections of Burns, that of Colonel Arentz Schuyler de Peyster, commander of the First Dumfries Royal Volunteers, at the age of 96. The Colonel, who was a distinguished soldier, a man of fine appearance and high character, was also a bit of a poet, and he and Burns had capped verses together in the columns of the Dumfries paper, while the Poet, in 1796, addressed to his "honoured Colonel" a poem on Life, written from a sick bed. The survivors of his old corps, donning their long-disused uniform, assembled for the last time to escort him to the grave.

In 1823, when General Dirom of Mount Annan occupied the chair, a letter was read from Allan Cunningham, acknowledging the compliment of honorary membership, and offering to present a cast of Chantrey's bust of his friend, Sir Walter Scott. Of Burns he writes:—"Some declaration of my faith in the illustrious subject of your meeting may be necessary. I am proud to name the name of Burns, and I recall his looks and dwell on my remembrance of his person with fondness and enthusiasm. In my youth, when poesy was to me as an enchanted and sacred thing, I loved to wander in his haunts and muse on his strains, everywhere so full of pathetic tenderness and sublime and moral emotion. I thought then, and I think now, that, capricious and wayward as his musings often were—mingling the tender with the comic, and the sarcastic with the solemn—that all he said was above the mark of other men, that he shed a redeeming light on all he touched,

and that whatever his eye glanced upon rose into life with grace, and became consecrated and imperishable."

In 1824 Mr William Gordon, junior, the first of a name indissolubly connected with the Club, was in the chair, and in 1825 John Syme, then three score and ten, and, speaking of his mind as much crippled by age, as his body was by accident, in the course of a very brief speech said—"Were I standing amidst a company of foreigners, I might indeed tell them that Burns was the most extraordinary man I had ever known; that the lightnings of his eye, the tones of his voice, the smile that played round his lips, or the frown that occasionally shaded his brow, were all and each indicative of a mind of prodigious power; so much so that even the proud and titled felt themselves awed into respect by the high bearing of the peasant poet."

But these early meetings are perhaps more remarkable for the extraordinary length and variety of the Toast List than for anything else. As a sample, that for 1826 may be quoted *in extenso* :—

The King.
The Duke of York and the Army.
Lord Melville and the Navy.
The Immortal Memory.
The Widow and Family of Burns.
Sir Walter Scott.
Memory of Rev. W. Gillespie (one of the founders of the Club, lately deceased).
Magistrates of Dumfries and Prosperity of the Town.
Mr Gilbert Burns, the respected brother of the Poet.
Mr Jeffrey.

Sir J. M'Intosh.

Mr M'Diarmid.

Mr Brougham.

Mr Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

Mr Allan Cunningham.

Mr Galt, Chairman of London Burns Club.

Memory of Mrs Dunlop, the early friend and patroness of Burns.

Memory of Dr Currie, of Liverpool, the editor and biographer.

Memory of King James I., father of Scottish song.

Health of the New Members :—Sir Robert Laurie, R. Cutlar Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch ; Collector Wharton, Professor Wilson, and Messrs W. Graham and Joseph Train.

Memory of Lord Byron.

Memory of Ramsay and Ferguson (1).

Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings (the patrons of the sons of Burns in India).

General Dirom of Mount Annan, one of the best friends of the Dumfries Burns Club.

Memory of George Buchanan.

The Female Poets of Britain :—Mrs Hemans, Miss Joanna Bailie, Miss Landon, &c.

Mr Canning.

Mr John Mayne, of London, author of the "Siller Gun," and a native of Dumfries.

John Syme, Esq.

J. Commelin, Esq.

Mr J. Grierson, founder of the present happy society.

Rev. Mr Gray, late Rector of our Academy.

Memories of Ramsay and Ferguson (2) (see (1) above). "Besides

a number of other literary characters and friends of genius."

Health of Mr Gordon, the croupier.

Interspersed with ten songs, one specially composed for the occasion. Thirty-four toasts—one duplicated—a fact which speaks volumes! Nor is this an exceptional list, as on another occasion one finds Milton, Homer, and the Liberty of Greece.

In November, 1829, much interest was caused by the discovery of an original portrait of Burns, painted by Peter Taylor during the period of the poet's stay in Edinburgh. Mrs Burns' letter, simple and characteristic, deserves quoting:—

"Burns Street, Dumfries, 4th November, 1829.

"I am requested to give my opinion regarding the portrait of my late husband, painted by Peter Taylor.

"I was not aware that another original portrait had been taken but the one in my possession by Nasmyth. After seeing this one, I have hesitation in stating my belief it is original. The likeness in the upper part of the face is very striking; but there is fulness about the lower part that latterly did not belong to the original. I thus candidly give you my opinion on the subject.

"JEAN BURNS."

It was also vouched for by Miss Dunlop, Jessie Lewars (now Mrs Thomson), John Syme, and finally by Clarinda, who writes:—

"In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of the great poet I have ever seen; and I say this with the more confidence, having a perfect recollection of his appearance.

"AGNES MACLEHOSE.

"14 Calton Hill, 28th October, 1828."

While Sir Walter Scott says he saw the Poet but once, "yet Burns was so remarkable a man that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday."

In November, 1831, there passed away John Syme of Ryedale, whose name has been so often mentioned, and it is most remarkable that his last evening on earth was spent with Captain James Glencairn Burns, just returned from India, in conversation and reminiscences of the Poet.

1832 is memorable in the annals of the Burns Club from the invitation to Sir Walter Scott to preside. In his reply, he expressed his desire to accept, were it not that his duties in the Court of Session would prevent his leaving Edinburgh at the time. After this the meetings of the club were of an ordinary character, lengthy functions presided over by some local gentleman, where the toast lists were punctuated with "solemn silence," "loud applause," "three times three," and "three times three with enthusiastic applause." The dinners started at 4 P.M., and the chairman usually withdrew at 10 P.M., "whereupon some of the more enthusiastic members resumed the sitting, and spent a further period in agreeable harmony." Unfortunately the harmony had a fatal effect on the club property—the portrait of Bonnie Jean and bust of Sir Walter Scott are missing, the great punch bowl held together by bands and rivets, and the small punch bowls and glasses inscribed with the name of Burns, all broken.

THE CENTENARY OF 1859.

Robert Burns, the younger, who obtained an appointment in Somerset House in 1804, retired to Dumfries on a small pension in 1833. The only son who resembled his father in personal appearance, he possessed a modicum of his abilities, united to a considerable quantity of his weaknesses. He was considered a good mathematician, linguist, and musician, and had some little poetic taste. He was a keen Freemason, and was initiated in 1833 in the Old Lodge of Dumfries, now Kilwinning No. 53, of which he became Clerk or Secretary, and was Master in 1845. The minutes in his handwriting, extending over several years, are still in existence, and among them is a specimen of his poetry. A deputation of the Lodge visited Edinburgh in 1842, to assist in laying the foundation-stone of the Royal Victoria Hall for the General Assembly, the occasion being graced by the presence of Her Majesty. Though he was not one of the deputation, "Brother Burns favoured the Lodge with a song of his own composition in honour of the Queen's visit to Scotland."

"THE GATHERING OF THE SLIOCHD DHIARMAID TO WELCOME THE BEAN RIGH;"

OR,

"THE GATHERING OF THE RACE OF DERMID (THE CAMPBELLS) TO WELCOME THE QUEEN."

Air—"Maccallum More's Gathering of the Sons of Dermid"—"The Campbell's are Coming."

Ye sons of Clandermid! away! away!
Ye sons of Clandermid! away! away!

The beacons are blazing from Fortha to Tay,
Ye sons of brown Dermid! away! away!

The Lady of Kingdoms comes bright on her path,
Let the banners wave proudly o'er mountain and strath,
Let the Sunbeam of Dermid exult in the gale
That sweeps the gray mist of the morn from the vale.

Ye sons, &c.

The Queen of the Islands, she comes from her throne.
Her realms are an hundred, her people are one,
At the Halls of her fathers, by bonnie Tayside,
Clanhay and Clandrummond receive her in pride!

Ye sons, &c.

Descend from the hills of the swift-bounding roe,
But not for the battle, the spear, and the bow,
Descend in the tartan that knows not a stain,
With liberty's fervour, and loyalty's flame.

Ye sons, &c.

Let the steel of your sires gleam on Tay's morning wave.
The steel of the mighty, the steel of the brave,
From stately St. Johnston to bonnie Dundee,
Clandermid! Clanmurray! the fearless and free!

Ye sons, &c.

(Signed) ROBERT BURNS.

As may be imagined, his society was much sought after by visitors, and his conversation used to be described as "famous." "One of the greatest treats that could be experienced was to have the privilege of 'a crack' with the son of the Poet." His health

was never very robust after he left London, and gradually failed. He died, after a lingering illness, on the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th May, 1857, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the vault of the Mausoleum. With him "the chief remaining link of a natural kind connecting this generation with the Bard of Scotland is snapped asunder."

"Less than a year ago the three sons of Burns—all old men—might have been seen together on our streets, but that remarkably and deeply interesting sight will be witnessed no more: one of them—the oldest born, who in countenance most resembled his father—one of the 'twa wee laddies' of whom that father wrote with fond paternal pride some five-and-sixty years since—has passed away, and been laid in the Mausoleum beside the Poet's dust. The news will be received with melancholy interest throughout Scotland, and not without emotion by our countrymen 'hereabouts or far awa' all over the world."

The house in Burns Street in which both the Poet and his widow died was now the property of Colonel William Nicol Burns, and he sold a part of it in 1858 to the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Education Society, and the Industrial School was built on the ground adjoining. In the same year he bequeathed the house by deed to the Education Society at his death, provided it was kept in repair and unaltered, and an annuity of £20 paid to his niece, Mrs Hutchinson, and her sister, Annie Burns, or the survivor, and afterwards to the eldest son of Mrs Hutchinson, if surviving.

The death of Robert Burns the second aroused increased interest in Dumfries in the approaching centenary of the Poet's

birth. The Burns Club, departing from its usual practice, made arrangements to invite leading gentlemen to join them at their annual feast; and the Town Council and citizens generally resolved to mark the occasion in a fitting manner, and preparations were made on all hands for the notable 25th of January, 1859.

The morning was showery, but improved towards mid-day, although there was no sunshine, and in the evening it rained heavily. The streets were decorated, and three lines of arches were erected at the Fountain, crossing the High Street. The arches were twelve in number, four being visible in each range when viewed from either of the three sides. The principal arches were about thirty feet in height and twenty in width—the whole decorated with evergreens, and the central portion of the arches, constructed of the same materials and turret shaped, towered for a considerable height above the rest of the series, a flag bearing the name of "Burns" floating from a standard fixed in the summit. On the north side, facing the Midsteeple, an inscription above the two principal arches bore the words—

"He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

On the south side were the lines—

"Preserve the dignity of man with soul erect,
And trust the universal plan will all protect."

A triumphal arch was erected at the Maxwelltown end of the New Bridge, and a portico of evergreens at the Freemasons' Hall. There were also arches in King Street and Queen Street. The house in Burns Street was highly decorated, and also the house in Bank Street.

The great external attraction was the Procession. The Committee of the Mechanics' Institute having resolved to lay the foundation stone of their new hall on 25th January, invited the co-operation of the Brethren of Thistle Lodge and others, and the Council and Trades Societies also agreed to take part. The following is the Programme of the Procession and proceedings:—

Demonstration in Honour of Robert Burns, on the Centenary of his Birth.

A public procession will take place on a scale of unrivalled size, through the streets of Dumfries and Maxwelltown, on the 25th inst. Halts will be made at the places particularly associated with the Poet; many of the insignia and emblems exhibited in the pageant will illustrate his career; the mottoes will be from his poems; and the music played by the bands (seven in number) will be those matchless ones which he has married to immortal verse. It is confidently expected that this display will be not only the largest but the most imposing ever seen in these towns, and that it will worthily testify to the warmth of the feeling entertained by the processionists for their fellow-townsman, the unrivalled Poet of Scotland.

PROGRAMME.

The Procession will leave the Academy grounds exactly at Twelve noon, in the following order, four abreast:—

Magistrates and Town Council of Dumfries.
Magistrates and Town Council of Maxwelltown.
Water Commissioners.
Merchants and Traders.
Bakers.
Ironfounders.

Shoemakers.
Painters.
Stockingmakers.
Hammermen.
Plumbers and Tinsmiths.
Saddlers.
Handloom Weavers and Operatives at Nithsdale Mills.
Coachbuilders.
Tailors.
Joiners, Cabinetmakers, and Coopers.
Operatives at Kingholm Mills.
Railway Labourers.
Fleshers.
Celtic Society.
Drapers' Assistants.
Early Closing Association.
Members of Mechanics' Institution.
Apprentice Masons.
Freemasons.
Carters on Horseback.

And proceed along Academy Street, Church Crescent, Castle Street, Buccleuch Street, New Bridge, Galloway Street, up the right side of Glasgow Street, and turn to the left round a pole fixed in the middle of the street opposite Messrs Gillies' Saw Mill, and return down the left side of Glasgow Street (when at the corner of Glasgow Street the Magistrates and Water Commissioners will open the drinking fountain), Galloway Street, Howgate Street, High Street, Old Bridge Street, Market Street, New Bridge, Bridge Street, White Sands, Bank Street (when the centre

of procession is opposite the house in Bank Street where the Poet at one time resided, an appropriate flourish of music will be made), the upper parts of Irish Street and Friars' Vennel, High Street (the Magistrates will open fountains in High Street in similar manner as at Maxwelltown), Shakespeare Street, Mill Street, Burns Street (when the middle portion of the procession is opposite Burns' House the procession will halt, and some appropriate music will be played, "I'm wearing awa, Jean," &c.), down left hand of St. Michael Street, round a pole in centre of street opposite Messrs R. & W. Scott's Manufactory, up right hand of St. Michael Street (when the front of Procession reaches the Mechanics' Institution the ranks will open up and allow the Freemasons and Members of Mechanics' Institution to pass through to lay the Foundation Stone of the New Hall; the Magistrates and Town Councils will also join the Freemasons); the remainder of the Procession will then move along Nith Place, High Street, English Street, Loreburn Street, Academy Street, and dismiss in Academy Yard after the Band has performed "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen."

An Address is expected to be delivered in the Academy Yard at Three o'clock—open to the Public.

No Person allowed to enter the Academy Grounds without a Procession Ticket till after the dispersion.

THE DINNER.

A Dinner will take place in a compartment of the Nithsdale Mills, kindly granted for this purpose, and beautifully decorated by Messrs R. & W. Scott. Peter Mundell, Esq. of Bogrie, in the Chair. R.W.G.M. Stewart, Croupier. Dinner served at Four o'clock.

TOASTS.

1. The Queen—Chair.
   National Anthem.
2. Prince Consort and Royal Family—Chair.
   Rule Britannia.
3. Army and Navy—Chair.
   Red, White, and Blue.
4. Her Majesty's Ministers—Chair.
5. Memory of Burns—Mr Hamilton.
   "There was a lad was born in Kyle"—Mr Thomson.
6. Memory of Mrs Burns and of her Eldest Son—Mr Fairley.
   "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw"—Mr Thomson.
7. The Sons of the Poet—Chair.
   "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—Mr Marshall.
   Reply by Colonel Burns.
8. Our National Poets—Mr Wilks.
   "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon"—Mr M'Morine.
9. Our Local Members—The Croupier.
   Band.
10. The Clergy—Bailie Gillies.
    Band.
11. The Magistrates of Dumfries and Maxwelltown—Mr Dykes.
    "My Nanny's awa"—Mr M'Morine.
12. The Freemasons—Mr John M'Gowan.
    Reply from R.W.G.M. Stewart.
    Burns' Farewell to Tarbolton Lodge—Mr Forrester.
13. The Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution—Mr Robt. Edgar, Stoke-on-Trent.
    Band.

14. The Trades of Dumfries—Mr Robt. Muir.
"Corn Rigs are Bonnie"—Mr Wilson.
15. The Water Commissioners—Mr Riddick.
Band.
16. Scotchmen in Foreign Lands—Mr E. Nicholson.
Song and Band.
17. The Peasantry of Scotland—Mr Goodall.
"A Man's a Man for a' that"—Mr Marshall.
18. The Manufacturing Interests, coupled with Messrs Scott —Mr Wardrop.
Band.
19. The Press—Mr Muir.
Reply and Song.
20. The Strangers—Mr E. Haining.
Reply by the Rev. Croft Worgan Dew.
21. The Centenary Committee, coupled with the health of Mr John M'Gowan—Mr M'Call.
"Farewell, thou Fair Day"—Mr Marshall.
22. Burns' Club—Mr Dykes.
Song.
23. The Chairman—Mr Welsh.
Band.
24. The Croupiers—Mr Kerr.
Band.

Finale—The whole company standing to sing "Auld Lang Syne," led by Mr Marshall.

The Third West York Militia will perform during the evening. Mr Hirst, Pianist.

Arrangements have been made to admit Ladies to the Orchestra of the Dinner Hall at Half-past Five. Admission, 6d each—Number limited.

By Order of the Committee.

JOHN M'GOWAN, Chairman.

22nd January, 1859.

The local paper remarks :—"It would be impossible to use higher terms in praise of the demonstration than to say that the result of a feeling of unanimity among all classes unexampled in local history was exhibited in a spectacle, the like of which for picturesque and imposing pageantry, and good order, enthusiasm, and completeness in all the details, has never been seen in the South of Scotland." There were seven bands of music, including those of the Third York and the Dumfries Militia, and the Dumfries brass band. All the windows along the route were thronged with interested spectators, and the streets lined with immense crowds of people, many of whom were from the country. The length of the procession was very great. Some idea of it may be obtained from the fact that the leading carriage of the Provost and Magistrates had arrived in Galloway Street, of Maxwelltown, after having marched to the head of Glasgow Street and returned before the last of the procession had crossed the New Bridge from the Dumfries side. The time occupied was about an hour and a half. The stone of the new Mechanics' Hall was laid by the R.W. Bro. Stewart, Provincial Grand Master, with full Masonic ceremonial, and Dr Browne, President of the Institution, in his speech recalled the fact of Burns having founded and carried out a parish library at Friars' Carse, called the Markland Friendly

Society. "Estimating the value and blessing of learning, he advocated intellectual improvement of the humbler classes long before it had become a national movement."

After the breaking up of the procession, a large crowd assembled in the Academy grounds to hear an address by Mr Washington Wilks, of America. "Shakespeare, the child of the wilful Saxon," said the orator, "is not so beloved as Burns, who has besprint the whole country of his birth with the pearls and gems of his natural fancy. The hedge where the throstle sings, the leafless thorn, the furrow where the field mouse nestles, the braes and burns, the corn rigs and green rashes, all glitter in the spray of his genius," etc., etc.

At four o'clock in the afternoon 220 gentlemen sat down to dine in the Assembly Rooms, under the auspices of the Burns Club. Thomas Carlyle, the sage of Ecclefechan and Chelsea, had been invited to preside, but declined. In a collection of autographs of all connected with the centenary, appears the following:—"T. Carlyle, Chelsea, 1 March, 1860 (was not in the 'Centenary' affair)." Sheriff Napier was appointed chairman, but being prevented from attending by the death of a son, his place was taken by Dr W. A. F. Browne, Superintendent of the Crichton Asylum, the father of Sir James Crichton Browne and of J. H. Balfour Browne, Q.C. The croupiers were J. M. Leny of Dalswinton; James Mackie of Bargaly, M.P. for Kirkcudbright; Thomas Aird, the poet, editor of the *Dumfries Herald;* and W. Bell Macdonald of Rammerscales. Colonel William Nicol Burns, the eldest surviving son, was present, together with Colonel M'Murdo of Mavisgrove; Mr William Gordon, Mr H. Fuller,

editor of the *New York Mirror;* Mr George Francis Train, New York (who introduced tramways into Britain); Mr Dudgeon of Cargen; Sir William Broun, &c.

The speaking was of the character usual to the occasion. The chaplain of the Club, Rev. Mr Hogg, in a few frank and manly remarks, acknowledged the services of Burns to true religion, and described his satires as having given the death-blow to many weeds which encumbered the Church. The Chairman, in proposing the Immortal Memory, aptly described the Poet as "a man who stood forth in bold outline, in diversity of gifts, in nobleness of purpose, the representative of the most characteristic and best qualities of the national mind. . . . . Burns' songs are the speech of the human heart. We think his thoughts, we speak his words, in our sternest as well as in our tenderest moods, and these, now household words, elevate and sanctify what would otherwise be rude and common. Songs live longer than history, are mightier than wisdom; and we believe this grand recognition of Burns' power is attributable chiefly to his lyrics."

Col. W. Nicol Burns—of whom the Chairman quoted from one of his father's letters, "There's a wee ill-deedie, rumble gairie urchin of mine now making a felonious attack on the cat's tail, whom I have named Willie Nicol"—attributed his own success and his brother's to the fame of Burns, which pursued them in good fortune and raised up kind and influential friends for them. Wherever the sons of Burns had appeared, even at that late period—whether in England, in Scotland, or in Ireland—they had always been received with most affectionate enthusiasm, and by Americans as well. The Americans present also spoke, Mr Fuller

claiming that his report of the proceedings would reach five millions of readers, and assuring his audience that their little city of Dumfries stood that night upon the very top of the world. When the meeting was breaking up, "the young American gentleman, Mr Train, detained a good many, and gave them an energetic address in praise of Burns." The evening was most harmonious, and the musical arrangements were of a high class, good singers being engaged from other towns.

The larger Town Dinner, of which the Toast List is given in the programme of the day, took place in the Nithsdale Mills, then newly finished, and without machinery. A thousand persons sat down, Bailie Mundell in the chair, supported by the R.W. Provincial Grand Master and Office-Bearers of the Province of York, Provost Gillies, the Officers of Thistle Lodge, Bailie Dykes, &c. The hall was decorated with portraits and transparencies of Burns, and the banners used in the procession. The Immortal Memory was proposed by Mr John Hamilton of the *Morning Star*, and Colonel Nicol Burns on visiting the Hall, along with a deputation from the Burns Club meeting, was received with great enthusiasm. A return deputation was sent to the Assembly Rooms.

A grand concert in the Theatre, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institution, was said to be attended by 700 persons, and the "Jolly Beggars" was given. At night there were balls in the Freemasons' Hall, and elsewhere. It is to the credit of the town and of those in charge of the demonstration that there were no accidents, and no police court cases on the following day.

In every town in the south-west of Scotland there were similar rejoicings. At Annan there was a large procession and another Masonic function, followed by a public dinner in the Queensberry Arms, and many smaller gatherings of the Trades and Societies. There were dinners and meetings at Lockerbie, Ecclefechan, Sanquhar, Moniaive, Thornhill, Lochmaben, Moffat, Beattock, Ruthwell, Gretna, Langholm, Westerkirk, and Wanlockhead; at Dalbeattie, Castle-Douglas, Gatehouse, Crossmichael, Auchencairn, Creetown, Colvend, New-Galloway, Rhonehouse, Palnackie, Whithorn, Newton-Stewart, Stranraer, and Wigtown. At Kirkcudbright the festivities were extensive—a procession, shooting for the Siller Gun, regatta, open-air speeches, dinners, and balls.

THE STATUE.

The years that followed the centenary of 1859 were marked only by the death of the Poet's sons. Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns was in feeble health for some years, and a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was aged in appearance, and very grey, so much so as to be commonly taken for the elder of the two. He died at Cheltenham on the 18th November, 1865, his death having been hastened by a fall on the stairs of his house. His brother, Lieutenant-Colonel William Nichol Burns, survived until the 21st February, 1872. Both were interred in the vault in the Mausoleum, and are the last whose bones may rest in that hallowed place. Of an amiable and benevolent disposition, they were greatly esteemed by all who knew them, and although they owed their success in life largely to their father's fame—as they frequently admitted—and were somewhat overshadowed by it, yet they were well conducted, honourable men of blameless lives, worthy both as public servants and as private individuals of the great name they bore. Colonel William left no issue. Colonel James was twice married, first in 1818 to Sarah, daughter of James Robinson, of Sunderland, who died in India in 1821, and secondly, in 1828, to Mary, daughter of Captain Beckett, of Enfield, who died in 1844. By his first marriage he had a son and two daughters, one of whom, the Sarah Burns who was brought up by her grandmother, Bonnie Jean, still survives—Mrs Sarah Burns Hutchinson, of Cheltenham, whose family consists of

one son and three daughters—Robert Burns Hutchinson, who resides in Chicago; Annie Vincent Burns, married to Mr Scott, Brookine, Adelaide; Violet Burns, married to Mr Gowring, of Berkhampstead; and Margaret Constance Burns, who resides with her mother. By his second marriage he had one daughter, Miss Annie Burns, who also resides at Cheltenham with Mrs Hutchinson.

For many years the question of raising a statue to Burns was discussed, and after the death of his last surviving son a definite proposal was made to erect one in Church Place, at the head of the High Street. It was not till May, 1877, that the scheme took formal shape, by a resolution in the Town Council, proposed by Mr Robert Hamilton and unanimously adopted. A committee was formed, with the late Mr William M'Dowall, the historian of the town, as its secretary; the other members being Messrs Hamilton, Hugh M'Gregor, James Rodger, William Lockerbie, John Dickson, John Herries, Joseph Herries, and John Wilson. The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank materially hindered the work. A subscription of £500 was raised within a year, and a similar sum was raised by a bazaar in 1880—indeed the bulk of the funds were realised by the tradespeople of the town, the better classes and the nobility being apathetic, the Burns Club, content with its private annual symposium, declining to assist. Lord Rosebery, the Marquis of Bute, and the Marquis of Queensberry contributed, and among other names in the list were Sir R. Jardine, Sir James Anderson, and Messrs Henry and Robert Gordon.

The statue having arrived from Italy, and been set up, the unveiling was fixed for Thursday, the 6th of April, 1882, Lord Rosebery having consented to take the leading part. The day

turned out beautifully fine, and a great procession was marshalled on the Kingholm.

The following was the order:—

The Statue Committee
The Town Council, preceded by their Halbardiers
The Town Councils of Annan, Maxwelltown, Lochmaben, Moffat, Sanquhar, Castle-Douglas, Dalbeattie, and Kirkcudbright
Dairymen and Dairymaids
Oddfellows
Mechanics and Metal Workers
Shoemakers
Printers and Bookbinders
Bicyclists
Independent Order of Mechanics
Tailors, with the "Siller Gun" of King James VI.
Foresters
Shepherds of Greyfriars' Sanctuary
Fleshers
Bakers, Millers, and Confectioners
House Painters and Decorators
Rechabites and Good Templars
Coachbuilders
Stockingmakers
Joiners and Cabinetmakers
Operative Masons
Carters

The route was by S. Michael Street, Whitesands, New Bridge to Maxwelltown, up College Street, Portland Place,

Glasgow Street, David Street, Terregles Street, and Galloway Street, New Bridge, Buccleuch Street, Castle Street, George Street, Irving Street, Academy Street, Lovers' Walk, English Street, and High Street to the Statue.

On the platform were Lord Rosebery; Lord Young; Sir R. Jardine; Mr E. Noel, M.P.; Sheriff Nicolson; Professor Legge; Mr T. M'Kie; Provost Lennox; Mrs D. O. Hill, the Sculptor; Dr Grierson, of Thornhill, son of the founder of the Mausoleum, &c. Lord Rosebery proceeded to deliver an address, which was very imperfectly heard, owing to the noise of the surrounding crowd. He said:—

"Fellow-countrymen, fellow-citizens of Dumfries, and fellow-admirers of Burns, we are assembled to-day to perform a sacred duty. We are assembled to unveil to the free air of heaven the effigy of your noblest citizen. It is true that there is no need of any memorial of Burns in Dumfries. The years he spent here, his bones which repose here, are sufficient memorials of that immortal man. While your town exists it is his shrine, and his reputation is a part of the very air you breathe. Nevertheless, it was well done to raise this statue to him here, that every one of you as you pass to your daily avocations may remember that in this country no disadvantage of birth or position or fortune can act as a real hindrance to genius; while your very children as they pass to school may remember that fierce passion of acquisition which made Burns seize hold upon knowledge and made him a prince among men. For he was a prince among men—not an angel or a saint, but a prince among men. Recite against him all his faults and weaknesses, urge against

him all that the most rigid moralist may urge, you will yet find that it is precisely the character of his career, that it is himself, which gives his poetry its distinctive interest. If Burns were an impersonal name, if we knew nothing whatever about him, if they had been written by some unimpeachable magistrate or some correct Commissioner of Supply, we should say that his poems were marvellous, unequalled for fertility, for richness and for variety; but the poet would not have been the name that charms all the world. It is because he was emphatically a man, putting his genius aside, a man like one of us, because we can trace all his transparent torments of struggle and remorse; it is because we see him struggling in an impossible position, like a war-horse in a morass, because above all he had as his mainspring of action a love and a sympathy with suffering mankind—it is for this that his memory is to us as the memory of a dead brother; and it is because of this tumult and simplicity and passion of life, as flung into immortal verse, that we love his poetry as much as we admire him. Loving much, he is loved, and it is love which inspires his verse. From his simple poem to Nelly Kirkpatrick, who worked with him in the fields, which he composed in an enthusiasm of passion, down to the last touching words that he composed on his death-bed, 'O, wert thou in the cauld blast?' every word that he wrote was inspired by love of his kind. Nor was his love limited only to humanity. He sings of his horse; he sings of his dog; he sings of the poor mouse that his plough turns up in the field. Nothing in the world is alien to him except pomp, or fraud, or oppression. He cherishes all the simple inhabitants of a world too hard for them, as it was for him. It is for this that his poetry is so universally beloved; it is for this that his

sympathies reach beyond the grave; and because every toiler in the world may claim a share in the poems of Burns. He was born, as you know, in 1759, and died in this town in 1796. So short was the interval between the cradle and the grave of so much glory, between the cradle of so much obscurity and the grave of so much achievement. There was another notable birth in that year. A month or two afterwards the greatest man in England, the virtual Prime Minister, Lord Chatham, had a son. The little Pitt and the little Burns set out into the world at the same time. The one was destined to be Prime Minister of Great Britain; the other was destined to be a peasant all his life. One lived on the solitary summit of power; the other on the lonely eminence of genius. Both died harassed with debt; both died with reputations of lives shortened by excess; both died of a broken heart. The one led a gigantic life, warred and struggled with giants, was a name of terror throughout the world. The other was hardly known outside his little country. But posterity has redressed the balance. The Pitt clubs are dissolved; the Pitt banquets are over; the Pitt anniversaries are no more observed. But there is no quarter of the globe, and not a year that passes, in which the memory of the Ayrshire peasant is not honoured. Eight months only before he died, and while he lay but a few miles from his death-bed, there was born an Elisha on whom part of his mantle should fall. I mean Thomas Carlyle. He was destined to be perhaps the fittest interpreter of Burns; he was destined to be a great poet himself. It would seem that Providence was unwilling that Dumfriesshire should cease for a moment to be the home of genius; for rarely in this world have the birth and the death of genius occurred so

close to each other in point of place and of time. There is this analogy, too, between Burns and Carlyle, that they both owed much to their father. Carlyle has given a striking picture of his, which might also stand for the father of Burns. The father of Burns was the 'cottar' of the 'Saturday Night,' 'the saint, the father, and the husband.' And while Scotland can produce such fathers, we need not fear for her sons. I am speaking of Burns to-day as a man, and not as a poet. It is not possible to say much, and this is not the place to speak of his poetry; for I am speaking in Scotland, and the poetry of Burns is the birthright of Scotchmen. But I may say this, that the hackneyed word inspiration is as true of Burns as it is of Shakespeare. His poems do seem to be a direct fruit of inspiration, and that marvellous twenty-seventh year of his, in which he poured forth an apparently irrepressible burst of song, stands forth unique in all the centuries of verse. But, gentlemen, the man himself is the central figure to-day. He himself, if we may believe all testimony, was greater than his poems. His conversation was said by the great men who heard it to be even more marvellous than his works. His appearance had every sign and token of genius. His bearing revealed the man he was. He came from failure; he came from ruin; he came prepared to emigrate; he came from every sort of domestic trouble; he came a peasant to Edinburgh, and was at once the lion and the centre of the most brilliant society that Edinburgh ever produced. Gentlemen, to this great man, to this great poet, we dedicate this statue in Dumfries to-day. And yet there is no sadder record in his life than the record of his life in Dumfries. A gentleman often narrated that when he rode into Dumfries on a fashionable night he found all the respectability of Dumfries on

one side of the street and Burns himself shunned and avoided on the other. When the friend asked the reason, Burns recited the two verses from Lady Grizel Baillie's ballad which end with the line :—

'And were na my heart licht I wad dee.'

And his heart was not light, and he did die. Is there a sadder picture than this—this darling of the most brilliant society scouted and neglected in his own town, with his wife in the tenderest of all situations, with the agonies of distress around him, his deathbed disturbed and gloomy ?"

At this point the noise of the crowd was so great that his Lordship said he could continue to speak no longer, and he asked that the cord might at once be pulled ; which having been done, the covering fell from the statue, amid the loud cheers of the spectators. The party of young ladies at the same time strewed the pedestal with flowers. Resuming, Lord Rosebery said :—

"There is the image of the man who once stood shunned in your streets, to stand there for ever as the glory of your burgh. The respectables who shunned him have disappeared ; his troubles, his sorrows, his faults, his failings have vanished. The troubles of his life are no more ; the clouds that surrounded his deathbed have disappeared ; but his memory, his triumph, and his tomb abide with you for ever."

His Lordship was followed by Sheriff Nicolson, Mr T. M'Kie, Mr Noel, M.P., and Lord Young, none of whom, however, succeeded in being heard. Fortunately they were able to hand their manuscripts to the reporters, and their remarks may be found in the columns of the local press. In the course of the proceedings,

Lord Rosebery was presented with two cakes of shortbread baked by the Misses Begg, of Ayr, whose age was so advanced that they could not possibly be present on the occasion. He was also presented with a bouquet by Miss Jeannie Armour Brown, great granddaughter, through his eldest son, of the Poet, who bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of Burns.

In the morning, Lord Rosebery was presented with the freedom of the burgh in the Town Hall. The illuminated burgess ticket was enclosed in a silver casket, ornamented with the arms of the town and of his Lordship. In conferring the honour, the Provost referred to an entry in the Council minute book of 4th June, 1787, setting forth that Mr Robert Burns, of Ayrshire, was, by invitation, admitted an honorary burgess of the ancient Royal Burgh. His Lordship, in reply, said, after returning thanks:—"It is in connection with my distinguished predecessor in the burgess-ship—the most illustrious of the citizens of Dumfries—that I to-day receive your freedom. It was honourable to Dumfries that it selected for the highest honour that the burgh can bestow a man unknown by gifts of birth or of fortune, at a time when he was little recognised by the rest of the world. It was only six years after you conferred that freedom upon him that he wrote to your predecessor the then Provost of Dumfries and the Magistrates of the burgh, on taking his residence in this neighbourhood, to express the hope that as he had been made an honorary burgess of the burgh, so also he might have the whole privilege of a freeman—that noblest privilege of freeman which consists in obtaining the best possible education for his children. I hear so much of the education given in this burgh

that I am not at all sure that I shall not imitate my illustrious predecessor and write to ask you to allow my too rapidly-increasing family to avail themselves of the educational privileges of this ancient burgh. But your freeman of ninety-five years ago is the central figure to-day. In the short time I have been in this town, and seen the gorgeous and well-managed procession that is passing through your streets, and the crowds that have come from every part of Scotland to do honour to the occasion, I have already felt that no more moving, no more pathetic sight could be present to the eye of any thoughtful person. Whom have you come out to see? To whom have you come to do honour? Not one clothed in soft raiment. You have come to venerate the memory of an ordinary Scotch peasant—one who was shunned and avoided in these streets by the respectable part of the inhabitants at one time. You, their descendants, avenge that slight. You turn out in your thousands to-day; you close your shops; you light up your town; you pay honours such as you could not pay more gratefully to the greatest potentate in the world; and you pay them to this poor peasant, who died here not one hundred years ago, in the midst of debt, of trouble, and darkness and gloom. You do this to-day that you may show that Dumfries is not unmindful of the high privilege which connects that burgh with the name of Burns. It is a pathetic retribution for these last suffering years of his life. And, gentlemen, even before we join in the procession, no one, I assure you, on entering this burgh could fail to be struck with that pathetic contrast. You have alluded to what I should wish to do rather than to what I have done in the cause of Scotland. Well, gentlemen, just after leaving the burgh of Dumfries, where he had taken this

freedom upon him, the poet went south and crossed the Border, and kneeling down with a solemnity of manner which his companions could never forget, he repeated those lines, with two of which I will close what I have to say, because they embody most fitly all that we in this room can feel—

> O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
> For thee my warmest wish to heaven is sent."

In the evening there was a dinner in the Mechanics' Hall, at which two hundred gentlemen sat down, Lord Young presiding. In proposing the Immortal Memory, his Lordship said:—"It is impossible for me to come here—I suppose it is impossible for any man when he is getting up in years to revisit his native place—without memory going back to old scenes of infancy and childhood and youth; and when I carry mine back, it goes as far as the days of Jean Armour, Burns's widow, when she was living in the house in which he had lived, and in which he had died, and in the street which, I think, shortly after his death was called after his name. In my own childhood I have frequently visited Jean Armour there and partaken of such hospitality as she could offer to a child—I have had tea from her frequently. I think if I was an artist, if my hand were cunning enough and I could transfer to paper the impression on my memory, I could draw her now. She was very homely and kindly in her manner and attractive enough to children, although not in the least degree conveying to them an impression of the interest which attaches to that name. I knew the grand-daughter that lived with her very well. She visited at my father's house, and hence the interchange of visits. I think I knew all Burns's sons

who lived into my own time. I remember one—the only one, I think, of them with whom I was not personally acquainted—the eldest son, Robert. I remember him in my boyhood walking about the streets of Dumfries very well as being pointed at as exceedingly like his father. It comes into my recollection now a very odd habit he had which struck a boy, of constantly, nervously putting his hands behind his back, as if to feel that everything was right about his coat tails, and I remember my very dear old friend, John M'Diarmid, explaining this habit. He said, 'You know he was some time in London in some public office there, and had had his pocket picked once, and he was thereafter in constant and nervous apprehension of pickpockets—feeling if his handkerchief were all safe,' and that even in Dumfries, where we know there are no pickpockets—except, perhaps, at fair times—or upon the occasion of such an enormous gathering as the present, and to-day I observed the notice up 'Beware of pickpockets'—but in its ordinary, normal condition Dumfries is free of pickpockets. Then, I think I remember a number of those whose names are associated with Burns when he lived in Dumfries. Dr Maxwell, who was one of his best-loved companions, and who attended him affectionately in his last illness, and at his death, was one of my earliest friends. Indeed if I did not know him, he knew me, from my birth, for, if I may rely upon hearsay—although the judge generally rejects that as not reliable evidence—he was present at the event. I remember him very well, his face, and his figure, and his voice, for some of those complaints of childhood had come to me after fair memory had begun, and in these, hooping-cough, measles, and such like, I was attended by Dr Maxwell, who was the great

physician of Dumfries in those days. I remember, also, another Dumfries character of some celebrity—I mean I remember his appearance. His name was familiar—it was Syme of Ryedale; and in my early days that name was pronounced short—Sim: both he and his son were called Sim. However that may be, he is associated in my memory, but it is only a childish recollection with two sticks. I think he was the first man I ever saw using two sticks."

Other dinners were held, and the town illuminated, the whole of the proceedings, with the exception of the surging and noise of the crowd at the Statue, passing off satisfactorily.

From the verses written for the occasion by Mr Alexander Anderson, the "Surfaceman," the following may be quoted:—

The gods had temples, for there is in man
An all-compelling power to shape in stone
His greater higher brother, to atone
For shame and insult when alone he ran
The thorny pathway, wearing on
His brow an unseen crown
That bore its wearer down
Until he sank and, like a sun, was gone.

And he, our singer, who behind his plough
Walk'd, while song-splendours born in fire above
Fell down like golden rain upon his brow
And touch'd his heart to one great bloom of love
Who, lowly, having no high vantage ground,
Half-turn'd him from the plough in humble guise,
And flung around him that bewitching sound
As is from larks unseen within the skies,

Until its music, like a living thing,
  Grew wing'd, and with a universal coil
Took in its folds the hearts of peer and king,
  Yet led in unresisting triumph toil
Until its rugged sons rose up, and said—
  "He speaks for all, but seems for us, alone :
We bless the singer ; lay hands upon his head,
  Who shapes this music which we claim our own."

His was the fight with glooms and wild despairs,
  The civil war within which none may see ;
The fading hopes, the daily growing cares,
  The forward look into the dim To Be.
Ah me, we did him slow and willing wrong,
  Because we knew him not. And now,
    When death and Fame around his brow
    Have woven, that our eyes may see,
    The wreath of immortality,
We know him ; and though all too late,
  With hearts compassionate,
We give the ages as they roll along
This statue of our greatest King of Song.

"This statue of our greatest King of Song"—and a poor statue it is. The commission was given to Mrs D. O. Hill, widow of the painter, and sister of Sir John Steell. Her small model was sent to Italy to be carved in marble, of considerably more than life size, "by Carrara artists." Such a production could scarcely be a success, and this is far from it. The limbs are disproportioned, and while there may be a certain resemblance in face and feature, the expression is stolid, vacant, meaningless, certainly not the inspired, commanding look of Burns. The base is

crowded with inartistic, paltry details—a bonnet, shepherd's pipe of an Italian type, mice, daisies, and thistle, while the alleged collie defies description. Up to now, the well-meant efforts of Dumfries in honour of their beloved Poet have been unfortunate. The original pedestal was found to be too small, and was replaced by one loftier and broader, on which is inscribed, together with quotations from his works :—

Erected
By Inhabitants of Dumfries
(With the aid of many Friends)
as a
Loving Tribute to their Fellow Townsman,
The National Poet of Scotland,
6th April, 1882.

THE CENTENARY OF 1896.

The hundred years, made ever memorable by Burns' prophetic words to his wife that he would be more respected a hundred years after than at the time, are fitly to be closed by a demonstration greater and more widespread than any that have preceded it. The Dumfries Burns Clubs, as custodiers of the Mausoleum, and the illustrious dust contained in it, determined to take the initiative. A circular was therefore sent to the Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies of the United Kingdom, and to all across the seas whose addresses were available, inviting them to assist in going in procession to the Mausoleum, to deposit wreaths, and in a great Conversazione to be held afterwards in the Drill Hall, a building holding 4000 people, which the town most fortunately possesses. A grand Concert was also proposed for the evening. The response to this invitation was most gratifying. The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Councils of the Burghs in the South-West of Scotland, together with the Freemasons, Friendly Societies, and Trades, joined with a very large number of the Burns Clubs in promising their kindly support and assistance; and the success of the movement was more fully assured when Lord Rosebery consented to become President. The only great difficulty in the way of complete success was the desire of Glasgow and other towns—Mauchline, where Cottage Homes are being raised in memory of the Poet; Dunoon, where a statue of Highland Mary is to be unveiled; Irvine, which is inaugurating a statue of the Poet—to hold their celebration on

the same day. After various conferences, at which Dumfries not unnaturally held firm to its prior claim as the town in which the Poet's ashes lay, all was amicably arranged, and the Committee were able to issue their

PROGRAMME OF THE NATIONAL COMMEMORATION

OF THE

FIRST CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS,

Headed by a notable list of Presidents and Vice-Presidents, including not only those connected with the district, but many names eminent in poetry and literature.

President.

The Right Honourable The Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

Honorary Presidents.

The Duke of Buccleuch, K.T., Lord Lieutenant of Dumfriesshire
Lord Herries, Lord Lieutenant of Kirkcudbrightshire
The Earl of Stair, K.T., Lord Lieutenant of Wigtownshire
Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland
The Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury
Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart., M.P., Grand Master Mason of Scotland.

Vice-President.

Sir Robert Threshie Reid, Q.C., M.P., Chairman of Dumfries Burns Club

Honorary Vice-Presidents.

Sir Edwin Arnold
Sir Walter Besant
Sir Lewis Morris
Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate
Alexander Anderson
J. M. Barrie
Hon. T. F. Bayard
Augustine Birrell, M.P.
Wm. Black
Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, D.D.
Hall Caine
S. R. Crockett
John Davidson
R. Le Gallienne
Rev. S. Baring Gould
Thomas Hardy
W. E. Henley
Andrew Lang
David Masson
George Meredith
W. M. Rossetti
William Watson
Earl of Dalkeith, M.P.
Lord Young
Sir H. E. Maxwell, Bart., M.P.
Sir Mark J. M'Taggart-Stewart, Bart., M.P.
Sir Robert Jardine, Bart.
Sir James Crichton-Browne
Robinson Souttar, M.P.
The Right Honourable Andrew M'Donald, Lord Provost of Edinburgh
The Right Honourable Sir James Bell, Bart., Lord Provost of Glasgow

Alfred C. Trevor, Edinburgh, Comptroller of Inland Revenue
A. H. Johnstone-Douglas, Convener of Dumfriesshire
W. J. Maxwell, Convener of Kirkcudbrightshire
R. Vary Campbell, Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway
Hon. Hew Dalrymple, Provincial Grand Master of Galloway
J. H. Balfour-Browne, Q.C., of Goldielea
G. F. Scott-Elliot, F.R.G.S., Newton
Capt. Cutlar-Fergusson of Craigdarroch
Robert Gordon, London
J. J. Hope-Johnstone of Annandale
W. H. Maxwell of Munches
Thomas M'Kie, Moat House

Andrew J. Kirkpatrick, Chairman, Burns Exhibition, Glasgow
W. Craibe Angus, David Sneddon, } Joint-Secretaries, Burns Exhibition, Glasgow

Executive Council.

Provost Glover
J. E. Blacklock
W. Bowron
G. Campion
J. Clerk
J. Carmont
R. B. Carruthers
S. Charteries
L. M. Dinwiddie
W. A. Dinwiddie
J. Daniels
J. Geddes
H. Sharpe Gordon
J. Grierson
J. Hiddleston
W. M. Maxwell
T. K. Newbigging
J. Primrose
C. S. Phyn
H. Symons
L. Starkey
T. Watson

Honorary Treasurer.
James Smith

Honorary Secretary.
Philip Sulley

The list of Burns Clubs and Societies taking part is a long one, and includes :—

Scottish.

Dumfries Burns Club
,, Burns Howff Club
,, Mechanics' Burns Club
,, Bazaar Burns Club
,, Old Cronies Burns Club
Maxwelltown Brig En' Burns Club

FEDERATED BURNS CLUBS.

Alexandria
Alloa
Beith
Cumnock
Cupar
Dollar
Dumbarton
Dundee
Edinburgh
Forfar
Glasgow Royalty
,, Bridgeton
,, Rosebery
Glasgow Carlton
,, Sandyford
,, Springburn
Greenock
Kilmarnock
Mauchline Jolly Beggars
Muirkirk Lapraik
Musselburgh
Paisley
Perth
,, S. Johnstone
Thornliebank

Abington
Alyth
Ayr
Bannockburn
Barns of Clyde
Lanark
Langholm
Larkhall

Belhaven, Wishaw
Brechin
Burntisland Locomotive
Carrick
Carstairs Junction
Coatbridge
,, North End
Corstorphine
Coupar Angus
Dalkeith
Denny
Dennyloanhead
Duns
Edinburgh Ninety
,, South
Hamilton
Hawick
Irvine
Leith
Lenzie
Leslie
Linlithgow
Newton-Stewart
Peterhead
Pitlochry
Pollokshaws
Portobello
Renfrew
Sanquhar Black Joan
Stow
Tobermory
Uphall
Wigtownshire

English.

FEDERATED CLUBS.

Blackburn
Bolton
Carlisle
Chesterfield
Derby
Liverpool
London
Warwickshire
Wigan
Wolverhampton

Ashington
Birmingham Scottish Society
,, Association
London Galloway Association
Longtown
Newcastle and Tyneside

Bristol
Crook
Hexham
Hull
Lancaster
Leeds Caledonian Society
Leeds Scottish Club
Newcastle Borderers' Association
North Shields Caledonian Association
Southampton
Whitehaven

Irish.

Belfast (Federated)
„ S. Andrew Society

American and Colonial.

(Represented by Delegates or Wreaths)

Rochester Ladies' Club, New York
Waverley Society, Dayton, Ohio
Philadelphia Cronies
S. Andrew Society of Philadelphia
Philadelphia Burns Statue Association
„ Tam o' Shanter Club
Albany Burns Club
„ S. Andrew's Society
„ Caledonian Club
Troy Caledonian Club
Sons of Scotia, Cohoes, New York
Caledonian Club, Newark, New Jersey
San Angelo Caledonian Society, Texas
Clan Stewart Society of Winnipeg, Manitoba
S. Andrew „ „ „

Scottish Clans of Manitoba
Clan Mackenzie, S. John, New Brunswick
Highland Society of New South Wales (Bathurst Branch)
Auckland Burns Club, New Zealand
Dunedin Burns Club, New Zealand
Thames Burns Club, Auckland, New Zealand
Caledonian Societies of South Australia, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Perth

All of these are expected to take part, and some of the Clubs will be very strongly represented. The following is the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Town Council of Dumfries
Town Council of Maxwelltown
Dumfries Burns Clubs
Other Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies
Freemasons of Dumfries, Galloway, and Cumberland
Town Councils not going with Towns

Trades and Societies of Dumfries.

Smiths and Bellhangers
Tailors (Custodiers of "The Siller Gun")
Painters
Dumfries Ironworks
Stockingmakers
Shepherds
Plumbers
Oddfellows

Fleshers
Newsagents
Vanmen
Foresters
Independent United Order Scottish Mechanics, Locharbriggs
Operative Masons
Cycling Club
Ploughmen
The Tanneries Company
Rosefield Mills
Slaters
Gardeners
"Nithsdale Blossom" Lodge of Free Gardeners
Locharbriggs Quarries
Law Clerks
Dairymen and Dairymaids

OTHER TOWNS.

Newton-Stewart
Lockerbie
Annan
Kirkcudbright
Sanquhar
New-Galloway
Stranraer
Dalbeattie
Castle-Douglas

With Emblematical Cars, Machinery at Work, and appropriate Banners and Devices.

The Route is by

Buccleuch Street
High Street
St. Michael Street
Glebe Terrace
Glebe Road
Broom's Road
Queen Street
English Street
St. Mary's Place
Lovers' Walk
Rae Street
Catherine Street
Academy Street
Irving Street
George Street
Charlotte Street
Buccleuch Street
The Whitesands

On arriving at the gate of S. Michael's Churchyard, the Deputations, limited to four from each body, will leave the Procession and proceed to the Mausoleum, there to hand to Lord Rosebery wreaths and tributes in name of their Towns, Burns Clubs and Scottish Societies all over the world, Trades and Associations. Thereafter the deputations will proceed to the Mechanics' Hall to Luncheon. Owing to the limited time, the toast list is of quite unusual brevity, consisting only of two—the Queen, and the Deputations. Provost Glover, Dumfries, will preside.

The next part of the proceedings is a Conversazione in the Drill Hall—a building capable of holding four thousand people—which is to be presided over by Lord Rosebery, who will deliver the Burns Centenary Address. Other speakers will include Mr Augustine Birrell, M.P., the accomplished author of "Obiter Dicta;" Sir R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P.; and Sir James Crichton-Browne. The Right Honourable Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury, has also promised to attend if his public duties will permit, and all hope that they may. The Dumfries Amateur Orchestra is to play selections. After the Conversazione, Lord Rosebery and many of the distinguished visitors and delegates proceed to Glasgow to attend another great Burns Demonstration in the St. Andrew's Halls in the evening. For Dumfries the programme of the day ends with a Commemoration Concert in the Drill Hall, for which Miss Macintyre, Mr Andrew Black, and Mr Iver Mackay have been engaged. In conjunction with the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Choral Society, they will give a rendering of the "Jolly Beggars" Cantata, and the entire programme will be a Burns one—a fitting close to a great effort in honour of the Immortal Bard.

The success of the day is fully assured, and will be very great if the weather be propitious. Its history has yet to be written, but should this little compilation meet with such a success as to require a second edition, the continuation of this chapter would bring to a completion the Centenary, the hundred years of love and regard which have passed for Burns in Dumfries since the day on which his mortal course was run.

APPENDIX A.

CHAIRMEN OF DUMFRIES BURNS CLUB.

1820—John Commelin
1821—Major Miller of Dalswinton
1822—John M'Diarmid
1823—General Dirom of Mount Annan
No Minute Book from this to 1834
1834—John M'Diarmid
1838—Archd. Armstrong
1839—W. Menteith
1840—Thomas Aird (the Poet)
1841—Sheriff Trotter
1842—Dr M'Lellan
1843—Dr W. A. F. Browne
1844—C. T. Ramage
1845—John M'Diarmid
1846—Sheriff Trotter
1847—W. Bell Macdonald, Rammerscales
1848—J. Leny, of Dalswinton
1849—Cholera in Dumfries and no meeting held
1850—Mr Hepburn of Castledykes
1851—Sheriff Trotter
1852—John M'Diarmid
1853—Mr Leny of Dalswinton
1854—Dr Browne

1855—W. Bell M'Donald
1856—Major Scott of Gala
1857—Sheriff Trotter
1858—W. R. M'Diarmid
1859—W. A. F. Browne
1860—Captain Noake
1861—William Strachan
1862—Adam Skirving, Croys
1863—Thomas K. M'Gowan
1864—Rev. W. Buchanan
1865—Rev. David Hogg
1866—R. B. Carruthers
1867—John Symons
1868—David Dunbar
1869—Captain Noake
1870—George Whitelaw
1871—William Wallace
1872—Rev. James Barclay
1873—James Cranstoun
1874—Mr Mitchell
1875—Sheriff Nicholson
1876—Rev. Thos. Underwood
1877—Thomas M'Kie
1878—David Barker
1879—No Meeting
1880—Rev. J. A. Campbell
1881—J. C. Ross
1882—Jos. Ewing
1883—Jas. M'Donald

1884—John Clerk
1885—A. C. Thomson
1886—Henry Gordon
1887—J. B. M'Kinnell
1888—Provost Lennox
1889—Rev. D. C. Bryce
1890—W. H. Scott
1891—J. C. R. Macdonald
1892—Sir J. Crichton-Browne
1893—Sheriff Campion
1894—J. W. Whitelaw
1895—W. A. Dinwiddie
1896—Sir R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P.

APPENDIX B.

[PLAY BILL OF MAUSOLEUM BENEFIT NIGHTS]

From Dr Grierson's Collection, Thornhill.

Theatre, Dumfries.

BURNS'S MAUSOLEUM.

"But while memorials rise to mark the spot,
Where sleep the vain, the worthless, and the proud,
Shall he, the pride of Scotland, be forgot,
Nor claim the meed to titled fools allowed?

"Yes, there are those with virtuous grief inspired,
To see thy bones unhonoured and unblest;
Whom long the stranger's keen reproach has fired,
To rouse a kindred flame in Scotia's breast.

"And soon that stranger's eye shall joy to view,
By taste designed, a fond memorial rise,
To pay thy injured shade the honours due,
And mark the spot where buried genius lies."

The Committee of Management, in their zeal to forward this tribute of respect and admiration, applied to Mrs Jordan, who, in the handsomest and most liberal manner, acceded to their request, and *gratuitously* gives her eminent assistance on the occasion, with a corresponding spirit. Mr M'Cready has agreed to dedicate a Night's Performance in aid of the undertaking. Saturday evening next is appointed, when the friends of genius will certainly give their support to a purpose which must interest the feelings of Scotia's sons and daughters. This generous instance will, no doubt, be followed by other if not all the Theatres in the kingdom, and thus afford the opportunity to all ranks of paying a tribute of regard to the memory of the favourite Bard.

In Aid of the Subscription for erecting a MAUSOLEUM over the Remains of

ROBERT BURNS,

On Saturday Evening, 26th November, 1814,

Will be performed the Favourite Comedy of the

WAY TO KEEP HIM.

The part of the Widow Belmont by Mrs JORDAN.

Livamore—Mr MUNRO. Sir Brilliant Fashion—Mr GOMERSAL.
Sir Bashful Constant—Mr LANCASTER. William—Mr FAULKENER.
Sideboard—Mr WILLIAMS
John—Mr ALEXANDER. Pompey—Miss PARR.
Mrs Livamore—Miss MACAULEY. Lady Constant—Miss WILLIS. Muslin—Mrs MARA.
Migorionet—Mrs GOMERSAL. Furnish—Mrs LANCASTER.

End of the Play,

An Address on the Occasion,

TO BE RECITED BY Miss MACAULEY.

A PAS SEUL, ... BY MISS PARR.

The Song of

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT,

Written by BURNS,

To be Sung by Mr WILLIAMS.

To conclude with the very Favourite Farce of

TIT FOR TAT,

OR, THE

MAN THE MASTER.

Patrick Skipwell—Mr M'CREADY. Villainous—Mr GOMERSAL.
Old Meanwell—Mr FAULKENER. Young Meanwell—Mr ALEXANDER. Servant—Mr GRAY.
Florinda—Miss WILLIS. And Letty—Mrs GARRICK.

Tickets, 3s, for BOXES and the PIT ; GALLERY, 2s on this particular occasion.

To be had at the Bank of Scotland's and the British Linen Company's Offices, at the Stamp Office, and at the Courier Office ; also at the Shops of Messrs James Kerr, Wm. Grierson, David Williamson, and Adam Rankine.

The public are requested to purchase Tickets, as no money will be taken at the Doors.

Doors to be opened at Half-past Five, and the Performance to begin at Half-past Six o'clock precisely,

Being Saturday Evening.

Dumfries: Printed at the Courier Office, by C. Munro & Co.

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY.

MR MORYSON

Personally attends the New Studio, opposite Dumfries Railway Station, and where specimens of the Photographic Art may be seen daily, which include Pictures in Oil, Water Colors, and by the Platinotype Process.

OPALS A SPECIALITY.

Inspection Solicited.

Admission to Art Exhibition Free.

Alexr. Pringle

(Successor to W. P. HENDERSON)

Respectfully invites Inspection of his

STOCKS OF GOODS.

The "Burmah" Hosiery, specially manufactured for him by a celebrated Scotch firm, is All-Wool, Soft, Unshrinkable. Highly recommended by those who have worn it.

AGENT FOR DR JAEGER'S AND "LAHMAN'S" HOSIERY.

DREW, SON, & Co.'s "Sellena," "C.B.," and other Best Makes of CORSETS, in great variety.

LADIES' FITTING-ON ROOM.

Hatter, Hosier, Glover, Ladies', Gentlemen's, Child's, and Infants' Outfitter,

2 TO 6 CHURCH CRESCENT, DUMFRIES.

A Large Variety of Goods suited for PRESENTS or as SOUVENIRS of a Visit to "Land of Burns."

Alexander's Photographs

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Press and Public Opinion.

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☞ (OPPOSITE LOREBURN STREET),

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LENNOX'S WHISKY.

HIGHLAND MALT SCOTCH	36s per doz. cash.
CHOICE	42s per doz. cash.
SPECIAL	48s per doz. cash.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

David Lennox & Sons,

Bonded and Bottling Stores,

DUMFRIES, N.B.

London Office: Bond Court House, Walrook.

WILLIAM ALLAN,

Pharmaceutical & Dispensing Chemist

(Late of Messrs CARRUTHERS & ALLAN),

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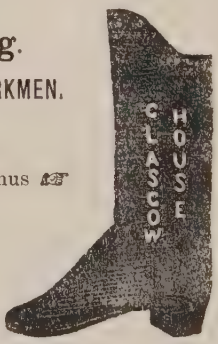

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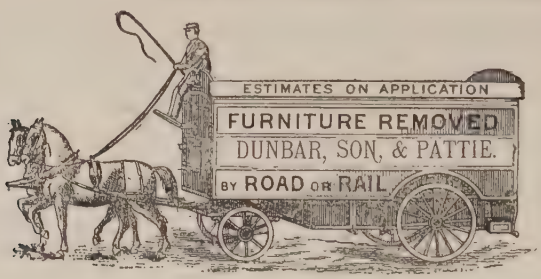

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